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Weinstock's Way

The Labour Party's industrial strategy has been dormant for so long that its inertia in the past months is hardly cause for comment. But 6,000 precious jobs have hung in the balance as the Government has prevaricated over the future of the turbine generator manufacturers C. A. Parsons. Until recently Callaghan had accepted the Think Tank's recommendation that Parsons could be given the contract to build the £6,000m. Drax B power station two years before the CEGB's requirement only if it agreed to a restructuring of the industry by merging with its sole rival GEC. Without an immediate order Parsons will probably fold. Britain's electricity capacity well exceeds demand and, though European demand is picking up, Parsons has had difficulty winning export orders. The two companies that make boilers for power stations have already agreed terms for a merger at the Government's behest. However, Sir Arnold Weinstock's GEC insists that any Parsons and NEB interest in the merged turbine firm must only be a minority holding and refuses to merge on any other basis than total managerial control.

John Biffen and others of GEC's Tory friends have called for 'normal market relationships' to be recognised over the merger. But those unromantic relationships lead only to redundancies. Indeed, the *Economist* has argued that the 'right industrial policy would be to do nothing and let nature take its course. Parsons would go bust . . .' Weinstock himself has already decreed there are 6,000 excess jobs in the industry, though there is nothing in the earlier unpublished drafts of Whitehall's report to support such a suggestion. To Weinstock redundancies are a synonym for rationalisation – for a simple reason. With a monopoly of supply Weinstock will benefit from deliberate undercapacity through inflated prices when demand does eventually rise. That has always been the GEC style of business. In the year to March 1969 GEC employed 230,000 people in the UK making a pre-tax profit of £49m. Last year the pre-tax profit was £207m., but in the intervening seven years GEC has sacked 64,000 employees and in the process increased its annual profit per employee by £1,000 to £1,247. Ever more rationalisations and redundancies are neither acceptable *per se* nor are they in some unspecified sense a more statesmanlike and long-term path to reorganised efficiency for industry as a whole. The workers at Parsons will not find jobs in any viable alternative industry. In the last five years half a million manufacturing jobs have been lost, not changed.

For whatever cloudy motive, the Prime Minister in the House on 12 May seemed to baulk at the blackmail of C. A. Parsons. Much to the anger of the civil servants at the Department of Industry (who will support GEC at most prices) Callaghan tried to force Weinstock's hand by claiming that the order for Drax would be placed whatever happened over the merger. But Parsons' reprieve was shortlived. Callaghan covered his timid tracks as soon as Weinstock would not concede. Under the present formula which Eric Varley is now urging the unions to nod through, GEC will have the sole right to manage and sack. Britain's largest unemployer is to be set loose by a Labour Government in an area of 10 per cent unemployment – and where half the workers, who are aged over 45 when sacked, will be unable to find another job. The Prime Minister's championship of the unemployed was shortlived and unconvincing.

Given the opportunity to tide over the depression in demand there is a fair chance that Parsons will find sufficient orders to survive: while if we intend to lessen our dependence on imported oil in the future we will need to build more coal-fired power stations such as Drax. One would have thought that after the mergers of the Sixties Labour governments owed no more favours to Weinstock who anyway has flouted the Government's dividend controls. The NEB and planning agreements were introduced to tame companies like GEC who abuse their monopoly power and threaten to sack when governments do not give them their way. Part of the NEB's brief is to regenerate regional industry. It should start by taking a controlling interest in Parsons.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Inside Mr Benn

At about ten to eight last Friday morning a grey-haired gentleman, with features expressive of permanent surprise, could be seen walking along Holland Park Avenue, carrying a large bundle of newspapers. He was clearly engrossed in what he was reading, and a curious observer might have followed him all the way to his front door without arousing any suspicion. The eyes of the grey-haired gentleman searched hurriedly through each of the newspapers. They were plainly looking for something; and, when they found it, the something they were looking for was, as often as not, accompanied by a small photograph. From the small photograph a grey-haired gentleman gazed out at Holland Park Avenue, with features expressive of permanent surprise. Tony Benn was reading his reviews.

What does it feel like to *be* Tony Benn? What's it like to wake every morning inside Tony Benn, to shave Tony Benn's chin, to eat Tony Benn's breakfast, to kiss Tony Benn's wife, to go to work in Tony Benn's car, to sit in Tony Benn's office twiddling Tony Benn's thumbs, to consult the charts on Tony Benn's walls, to be blamed for Tony Benn's errors of judgment, to be praised by Paul Johnson for Tony Benn's good qualities, to argue Tony Benn's case in cabinet and quite another case outside, to consult with Tony Benn's conscience about whether to resign – and to do all this not once or twice, but *all the time*, without ever letting up? You or I would I suppose, occasionally get pretty fed up with it. We would be tempted to behave out of character. At about the thousandth mug of tea, we would be hit by a great wave of nausea. For Christ's sake, we would exclaim, bring us a large brandy and soda, and take this muck away! We would lose our tempers, kick over the chairs, abuse our subordinates, storm out of the office and go to a film. The job would simply get us down.

But Benn apparently never loses his temper. Indeed I have heard this cited in criticism of him by a former colleague. What sort of a person is it, the argument went, who never even lets off steam? Exemplary behaviour always arouses suspicions, and there exists a group of rumours about Benn which have obviously grown from the general disbelief that Benn's public character can bear any relation to his private life. Not long ago I was questioned by a property developer on this point. 'What's he really like?' 'Oh, frightfully nice,' I said, and laid on the praise with a trowel. 'Oh good,' said the man, pensively, 'then at least that means that awful story I heard can't be true.' 'What story was that?' 'Oh, I *couldn't*, I just couldn't repeat it.' 'Go on.' 'No, really, it was too frightful.' 'Was it anything to do with animals?' I asked. The man gave me a startled look. 'Because,' I continued, 'If so, I'm afraid it's probably a myth.' And I proceeded to tell him one or two versions of the myth – for instance that the way Benn lets off steam is by stuffing his Wellington boots with live canaries and stomping off round Holland Park. The man's face fell, and he admitted that the story he had heard must belong to the same category. Interestingly enough, it came complete with circumstantial detail and an attribution to the Metropolitan Police – a story so appalling that I could not possibly reproduce it here either whole or in part (except to say that it involves the violent death of a rabbit).

Rabbits apart, it seems that Benn's favourite way of letting off steam is to do something pretty naughty, but not naughty enough to get him the sack. He would prefer a good resignation to a sacking. But he has left it rather too late in his career to resign. To do so nowadays would be interpreted as a leadership bid rather than as a genuine resignation on a matter of principle. Nevertheless he often thinks about resigning, and sometimes takes advice on the matter. Perhaps the nearest he has come to giving notice was over the Lib-Lab deal. On the day that the details were finalised it happened that Benn was due for a 2.30 meeting with his minister of state, Dickson Mabon. Mabon went in to see him, but Benn was unusually unwilling to talk. He'd had a terrible cabinet meeting, he said, and he wanted now to be alone. Mabon insisted that the meeting was urgent – there were things they had to decide. Benn insisted on being left alone. As Mabon went out of Benn's office, he noticed Ian Mikardo, waiting to go in.

This story, put around (we assume) by Mabon and his chums, is interpreted by the Right of the party as follows. Benn was genuinely wondering whether to resign, and had invited Mikardo around to learn whether his action would receive the support of the *Tribune* Group. Mikardo, being a canny operator, sensed that the Lib-Lab pact was considered an insignificant evil in comparison with political annihilation. He therefore said no, he couldn't deliver. Benn's failure to resign at this point is considered by some members of the Right as proof of the man's perfidy. Surely now it is time that he was sacked.

The fact that Benn was not sacked after his last week's performance is in part, no doubt, an indication of the weakness of Callaghan's position. Clearly, though, the honeymoon that began after Wilson's resignation is now over, even if divorce proceedings haven't yet been initiated. From Benn's point of view the events of the past few days show that there is, after all, some point in his remaining in the cabinet, rather than mooching off into the political wilderness. The Left appear to have scored a neat little victory in the direct elections row – a row which may be supremely uninteresting to many people but about which Benn himself feels very strongly. Benn sees the emergence of an elected European Assembly as a threat to the sovereignty of Westminster, as a move towards federalism and as part of a process whereby specifically British traditions of socialism may come to be replaced by a European style, a foreign style, to which he is opposed. He considers that there is no commitment to the introduction of direct elections, apart from one made by Harold Wilson in Rome – a commitment which had not at the time been discussed in cabinet. If, after his press conference statement last week, Benn received some pretty sharp critical notices, he has nevertheless returned to the centre of a political debate which is of passionate interest to the Labour Party – and done so without losing his job.

But the trouble is, such brinkmanship will not always pay off. It may well be that the Labour Party will get fed up with Benn's Squirrel Nutkin technique; it's rather like grandmother's footsteps – every time Callaghan turns round, there is the innocent, surprised, stationary Benn, every time a little nearer. But whatever the virtues of playing such games are, it does not seem that Benn has succeeded yet in winning the deeper loyalties of the Labour Left. The more ingenious the manoeuvre, the less convincing it is. Benn is a supremely popular speaker, and he is the one figure of prominence with any appeal to the young Left in the party. At times he can flatter the party in such a way that, gazing into Benn's eyes, they see their own reflection, and are delighted at the way they look. Yet in comparison with other Labour leaders, Benn lacks the ability to command a very deep personal loyalty. Perhaps he does not give enough of himself in return. Certainly there's a feeling that he leads the Left *faute de mieux* – and, who knows, *mieux* may be on the way. For Benn the problem is how to extricate himself from the present government without incurring the charge of treachery, how to keep the affections of the Left while reaching also to the Centre of the Party, how to hang on to power and retain a political identity, how to go into the wilderness on a return ticket. Benn has found it easy to become the bogeyman of the property-developing classes. To become the hero of Left, the heir apparent, has proved more difficult. Something more than a gesture is needed. Whatever his advisers may say, this is not the time for a futile gesture.

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Robin Cook

Crimes Against Humanity

This weekend delegates from the 100-odd nations represented at the Diplomatic Conference on Humanitarian Law applicable in Armed Conflict should be packing their bags and moving on from Geneva. Their departure marks the end of the conference's fourth session which Swiss hosts had vowed would also be its last. In the course of the past four years their labours have produced substantial agreement on two protocols updating the Geneva and Hague Conventions on the conduct of war, but have received scant attention from national press or politicians. Our own media showed a brief flicker of interest this spring when the conference adopted by majority an article extending prisoner-of-war status to captured guerrillas, but then promptly reverted to studied lack of interest.

This sad neglect is all the more regrettable in view of the pioneering groundwork of the conference's ad hoc committee on conventional weapons which has been grappling, albeit in vain, with the elusive task of identifying which modern weapons contravene humanitarian principles. The last serious attempts at such a definition were the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, the former of which successfully outlawed dum-dum bullets that flattened on impact to rend a particularly foul flesh wound, and also imposed a five-year moratorium on the development of projectiles to be dropped from balloons.

The science of war has moved on since 1907. The widespread employment of machine-guns in the first world war consumed casualties which would have been beyond the aspirations of riflemen armed with even the most murderous bullets, and the advent of flying machines rendered bombardment by balloons obsolete almost before the end of the moratorium. The second world war subsequently witnessed a profound shift in military technology which became less interested in halting hostile combatants than in frying their civilian populations. Yet throughout the entire period, with an almost perverse legalism, the major powers have scrupulously refrained from the use of the dum-dum bullet since it contravenes humanitarian law. Clearly the task of extending the list of such weapons is urgent.

The first principle which the ad hoc committee has applied in its examination of contemporary arsenals is that weapons should not lend themselves to indiscriminate use. The clearest example which they could hope to find of an indiscriminate weapon is the incendiary which ravages civilian and combatant alike and much of the debate at Geneva has therefore centred on napalm, a thickened petroleum jelly which was dropped in large quantities on Vietnam. The napalm fire-bomb erupts to spatter a thousand square metres with a blazing confetti which in turn raises a wall of rolling fire that reaches above the tree-tops. As a UN report laconically notes: 'Its destructiveness and psychological impact are therefore great.' Troops seasoned to artillery bombardment have been known to break and flee when attacked with napalm and others have been found to have committed suicide in their bunkers.

Discussion of napalm tends to divide the industrialised nations, who on the whole have been the ones doing the bombing, from the Third World, who have provided most of the targets on whom the stuff has been dropped. This division has frequently recurred at Geneva and partly reflects a deep suspicion on the part of the developing nations that ever since Hiroshima the West has used its Asian wars to acquire expertise in many of the arms now suspected of contravening humanitarian law. There are even those among the advanced states who mutter darkly that the whole business is a

'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more . . .'

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conspiracy against the 'haves' by the 'have-nots', although it must have been self-evident from the start that any successful conclusion to the negotiations would place more constraint on those nations who possess the technological skills than those who not only lack the means of production, but have not the expensive medical service required to bind up the novel wounds inflicted by the new weapons.

A telling argument against banning napalm, though, is the doubtful wisdom of singling out only one form of flame weapon. There is a lively academic controversy over the disabling rate of napalm, but it is agreed that a surprising number of survivors have emerged from the heart of the fireball since only those hit by the jelly are injured. The coming generation of flame weapons, such as triethyl aluminium (dubbed affectionately TEA from its acronym), produce a spasm of heat so intense that the radiated heat alone will burn human flesh. Depending on your point of view they promise to be much more efficient, or even more ghastly, than napalm and an agreement which stimulated the development of TEA by prohibiting napalm would be a poor service to suffering humanity.

The other major criterion by which the ad hoc committee has been guided in judging which weapons contravene humanitarian law is whether they inflict unnecessary suffering or superfluous injury. A neat example of such a weapon is the coming family of fragmentation bombs which release swarms of plastic flechettes which cannot be detected once embedded in the flesh. The sole consensus agreement which has been achieved in the committee is on the Swiss proposal to outlaw this vile invention, thus making it licit to maim the enemy only with projectiles that can be detected by X-ray.

In all other cases agreement has foundered on the inability to define what suffering is superfluous in relation to the military advantage gained. To obtain such a definition it first would be necessary to establish a proportionality between two differing scales of values derived from humanitarian ethics and from military necessity. The intractable problems of doing so are demonstrated by the article proposed by the Arab states in one of the permanent committees which prohibited the shooting of a pilot who had baled out over enemy territory, but provided that it should be legal to do so if he looked like coming down behind his own lines. This compromise may reflect military exigency but is an affront to humanitarian values. And the draft article has been amended after stout resistance from the British delegation.

The theoretical difficulty is compounded by the failure to agree over empirical data on the suffering inflicted by weapons, as in the case of the high velocity bullet. The impact of a bullet is proportionate to its mass and to the square of its velocity. It is thus militarily attractive to increase the speed at which a bullet is fired, particularly since this permits a reduction in its mass and enables the individual combatant to carry more ammunition. Many modern firearms, such as the American armalite and the British A.85 follow this line of development towards small-calibre high velocity bullets, but it is now said that these replicate the dum-dum effect upon impact.

Unfortunately the evidence is not conclusive and has been a fruitful source of debate at Geneva. The Swedes, who feel strongly on this issue, were driven by despair to arranging a demonstration shoot of pigs, but this merely provoked a fresh round of dispute over the analysis of the experiment. It has even been hinted that the Swedes specially selected pigs with hides that would produce the most damning wounds. Adherents of Ivan Illich's views on the medical profession will be delighted by the result of another experiment which concluded that the extent of flesh lost was not so much a function of the velocity of the bullet as which surgeon extracted it, those taking part revealing a variation by a factor of four. A report of government experts concluded by calling for further experiments that are 'tightly controlled, sufficiently numerous and reliably instrumented'.

There is a basic paradox here. Politically it is more feasible to obtain agreement to ban a weapon before it is deployed, but by definition these are the weapons on which data is most scant and the room for scientific dispute is least confined by hard evidence. The same paradox is illustrated again by fuel-air explosives. These operate by producing an explosive cloud of inflammable liquid or gas which is then detonated. Their attraction, if that is the right term, is that whereas conventional explosives tend to produce a spherical blast much of which is dissipated upwards, the fuel-air explosive confines its blast to a pancake effect above ground level. It therefore promises a kill rate perhaps double that of high explosive. Despite the manifest desirability of banning it now, it is unlikely that sufficient agreement on its effects will be generated until we have garnered the data provided by the next Asian war.

Frustrated in its attempts to place restrictions on the construction of weapons the ad hoc committee has channelled its efforts into restraining their operational use. These are certainly welcome moves but they depend for their effect on disciplined observance by field commanders in the heat of battle, and are very much second best to closing the option by removing indiscriminate weapons from the available arsenals. The Dutch proposal would presumably prohibit a repetition of the burning of Dresden which killed more civilians than Hiroshima, but then even at the time it was a flagrant breach of the Hague Conventions: the temptation provided by possession of the technical capability in the event proved considerably stronger than the legal constraints.

As it is, the dissolution of the Diplomatic Conference has cut short the work of its ad hoc committee before it could reach agreement on even these restraints. Last winter one international jurist expressed anxiety that a successful conclusion to the negotiations might encourage civilians to have expectations of humane treatment that would be tragically shattered in the event of war. The two protocols adopted this month in Geneva should afford some protection to civilians, but the failure to reach agreement in the ad hoc committee should leave combatants in no doubt that the next war could be a particularly vicious experience.

Iain Guest

Djibouti Tiptoes to Independence

So the French cuckoo is leaving its last African nest. On 27 June the French territory of the Afars and Issas becomes the Independent Republic of Djibouti, 115 years after Napoleon III signed his original treaty of friendship with the Afar tribesmen.

The French will be heartily glad to leave. René, a 35-year-old construction engineer who sleeps with a Beretta 22 under his pillow, drove me outside the *cordon sanitaire* which prevents nomads without identity cards from entering Djibouti. We drove for miles through a lunar landscape, black basalt rocks shimmering in heat of 100 degrees. 'Now,' he said, 'you see why independence will be good for France.' You take his point. The town of Djibouti is quite unlovely, with the singular exception of the High Commission, where journalists sipped gin and scoffed smoked salmon when last month the referendum returns – resulting in a 98 per cent majority for independence – came in. They were attended, in the best imperial tradition, by native waiters. Outside, in the town, all the bars had been closed for fear of violence.

People who have lived here for 20 years linger at empty bars and talk wistfully – but not about better times so much as the price of electricity. And boredom. 'Rien à faire', murmurs an Italian who came to Somalia with Mussolini and never left. 'La maladie d'Afrique.' The cost of living, Western style, defies the imagination. Downbeat hotels charge $45 for single rooms. Electricity is gobbled up by continual air conditioning at a rate of $3 per *climatiseur* per day. Dreary cafés and restaurants cater to Paris tastes and expense accounts: tomato salad costs £1.25, escargots £4.00, and sole *meunière* £5.00. Chips run to £1 a portion. But then, for all its native population, Djibouti is really one glorified French army base. This was driven home four days after the 3 May referendum, when F-100s came wheeling in over the airport and tanks emerged on the streets. The referendum was preceded by a massive naval build-up of 18 warships, including two aircraft carriers, anti-submarine frigates, and four destroyers with sea-to-sea Exocet missiles, offshore until 12 May.

In the town, the troops, their families and the French civilians inhabit several

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large army camps and the nearest thing to a comfortable European quarter. In the officers' messes ties are worn. For men and NCOs the food is wholesome, heavily subsidised and largely French: cassoulet, crusty bread, lettuce salad (from Ethiopia), oranges (Israel), *vin de maison* (Beaujolais) and Normandy yoghurt. There are large tennis clubs, no golf clubs (only because there is no grass), and marvellous tans to be had. But this is no *club mediterranée*. George, with experience of engineering in Algeria, Morocco and Indochina bemoans the price of *Gévrey Chambertin* (£10) in the three air-conditioned supermarkets and observes that the natives spend 90 per cent of their wages on the local drug *ghat*, which renders them too addled to work the telephone exchange. Later, as he gets quietly and miserably drunk, he confides that almost all his wages go on the town's one casino. French civilians earn nearly three times what they would earn in France, which works out at an average £2,000 a month. By way of consolation.

Meanwhile, out in the desert, foreign legionnaires of the 13th *Demi-Brigade* man film-set forts and prepare for who knows what. French civilians chuckle about how one legionnaire can chew up two or three American marines. But Djibouti is no place for *nostalgie*, and glorious memories of Algeria and Indochina. A year ago, on 3 February, frustrations erupted when guerrillas from Somalia siezed 29 French children. The French crossed the border and brought back all the children alive except one, after a sharp and bloody fight in which both guerrillas and Somali soldiers were killed. Today, two fully armed soldiers guard each busload of children.

If Djibouti sounds awful then it is. But – bad news for René – despite the 98 per cent vote in favour of independence, a French presence in Djibouti seems inevitable for several years to come. It can't really be any other way. Two days after the vote, a rumour began to circulate among French civilians that an abrupt evacuation had been planned for 20 June. It was said that the aircraft carrier *Clemenceau* (which arrived on 15 April with 36 warplanes, 80 marines and four helicopters as part of the naval build-up) is fitted out with berths for women and children, ready for embarkation. But a quick retreat is discounted by those close to the Government and military administration. Indeed it would close the African empire on a truly inglorious note. Some kind of French presence after 27 June – perhaps 2,500 men – was clearly insisted upon by France at the independence talks in Paris last March, if only to train the army: after all, point out local wags, Djibouti's police (1,500) outnumbers its army (600) by two-to-one.

But what of *les autochtones* – the indigenous side of this curious colonial partnership? Djibouti politics began to take shape in the week after the referendum. As well as saying *oui* to independence, voters were asked to confirm a list of 65 deputies who would work out a new constitution. This they proceeded to do – to the tune of 92.4 per cent. The dominant figures in the interim administration will almost certainly be Hassad Gouled, leader of a three-party coalition (*Le Rassemblement Populaire pour l'Indépendance*), and the pre-referendum president Abdallah Kamil. The day after the referendum, two of the six parties launched a bitter attack on the referendum, which they said had been rigged. This caused an immediate flutter of nerves, because both parties were Afar. The spectre was thus raised of Afars breaking up the Issa/Afar coalition which had formed in favour of independence, and of possible repercussions on relations with Ethiopia. Indeed, an abstention rate of 60 per cent was reported in Tadgourah, the chief Afar town, during the referendum. Taken together this seemed to indicate Afar fears that the new Assembly of deputies would be too Issa-dominated and lean too heavily towards Somalia. However complex, this is probably the key to a peaceful transition. Most French agree that if one or other of the ethnic factions makes an appeal to Ethiopia or Somalia, it could provoke a belligerent response, and the French could find themselves faced by an agonising decision – whether to pull out, or meet force with force.

This does not seem likely. The list of deputies was carefully chosen at an OAU-sponsored meeting in Accra last April to reflect the ethnic proportions: 33 deputies are Issa, 30 Afar, and two are Arabs. The Issas on this list maintain their party affiliation. But the Afars are standing as individuals, because the Afar parties, peeved at an abrupt French decision to reverse their dominance in the last assembly, called on the voters to abstain from confirming the list of deputies.

So, given that Afar cooperation in the interim government is vital, two factors must be weighed against each other. On the one hand, there are 30 seasoned Afar *politicians*, many of them with close ties to the outgoing French administration – chosen, in fact, to ensure a smooth transition and maximise French cooperation. On the other, there are the discontented Afar *parties* whose call to boycott the list has not, with the exception of Tadgourah, appeared to succeed. There is, then, no clear Afar position. But the general feeling is that the Afar parties can only do themselves harm by impeding the independence bandwagon. The dangers of an outburst certainly exist. But the way lies open to consensus and a smooth transition to autonomy.

The international pressures awaiting independent Djibouti have probably also been over-dramatised. Looked at coldly, Ethiopia seems in no state to go to war, least of all against Somalia's well-trained army and T55 tanks – certainly not with the Eritrean war on its hands. It is also difficult to see what Somalia has to gain from forcing the pace, now that it has a friendly (Issa) President – Hassan Gouled – installed in Djibouti. Saudi Arabia, the United States and Sudan are are clearly concerned about the spread of Russian influence in the Horn, but again this should not be exaggerated. Despite an unswerving socialist ideology, reports from Somalia make it clear that President Siad Barre is far from a Russian puppet. Last March the Presidents of the two Yemens, Somalia and the Sudan met in Taiz, North Yemen, at Saudi urging, and called for all states bordering the Red Sea to make it the Sea of Peace. That did not sound like the action of a country about to go to war. There might be huffing and puffing from Mogadishu, but no one can be really surprised as the extent of 'cooperation' between the new Republic of Djibouti and France unfolds over the next weeks.

The most pressing justification for this is the least discussed – the fact that Djibouti is lamentably, even criminally, unprepared for self-rule. The economy is a nightmare. In 1970 (latest available figures) imports ($50m.) exceeded exports by four-to-one. The port which handled 425,000 tons in 1973-74, brought only $600,000 in revenues and runs at a deficit. The only natural resource, observes the French High Commission skittishly, is skins; fish is plentiful, but unfortunately the native population are non-fish-eating nomads (of whose camels and livestock a careful census has been made).

The wealth of Djibouti derives almost entirely from a massive annual input of 25,000m. Djibouti francs ($80m.). Two-thirds of this goes to the military. French officials point out that the *per capita* income of the native is about $750 a year, almost five times that of neighbouring Ethiopia. But the figure is illusory, partly because of the high cost of living and partly because it is clearly maldistributed. Here, there is no lack of poverty – slums and pavement dwellers whose odour drifts into expensive French boutiques if the breeze is in the wrong direction.

Finally, native Djiboutians are clearly not equipped to deal with the capital-intensive Western economy being handed on to them. Only 12,000 out of 250,000 have completed school. Home-grown engineers are said to be fewer than ten in number. In the Territory's Department of Public Works, there are only two native engineers. One was trained in Russia, the other in West Germany. Ahmed Dini, one of the local political leaders, puts the number of Djiboutian doctors at two. So perhaps France will now start to do what should have been done long ago, and prepare Djibouti for self rule; $10m. is said to have been promised by Saudi Arabia at a meeting between King Khaled and President Giscard D'Estaing before Christmas. Some talk dreamily of Djibouti as the Hong Kong of Africa. The lack of excitement at independence is compensated for by the feeling that Saudi dollars and French knowhow will transform Djibouti into an oasis of prosperity.

But this foreshadows an even more bizarre Djibouti than the present one: a state of 250,000 nomads in a totally artificial, ethnically unjustifiable enclave, kept alive by Saudi capital and Western technical assistance – with presumably the same depressing contrasts between wealth and poverty as in other capitalist countries of the Third World. It would be a high price to pay for independence. Probably a dose of self-imposed austerity – as in Aden, across the Red Sea – would be best for the new state. Either that, or amicable dismemberment and incorporation into Somalia and Ethiopia. But, understandably, both suggestions are absolute heresy as Djibouti tiptoes towards independence.

Djibouti

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Murray Sayle

Mousetrapped in Seoul

It brought back, all too vividly, the old days in Saigon. We used to sit around the bar of the *Royale* and debate, endlessly, the question: 'Can the ARVN hack it?' (that was the year for tough, military-sounding slang, 1969.) You couldn't tell much from looking at soldiers of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam – small, impassive men in strangely dappled green uniforms, dwarfed by their huge American helmets and rifles, on whose slender shoulders, it was said, the fate of the Western world rested ('if we don't fight 'em in Phu Bai, we'll be fighting 'em in Pasadena'). But could the ARVN hold them in Phu Bai?

That was the year, it will be recalled, of the Nixon Doctrine, one of the many works of the sage of San Clemente which is presumably still in force – the rule that henceforth Asians must fight Asians, with no outside help beyond arms, money and moral support. American ground troops withdrew from Vietnam, which abruptly disappeared from the front page, although the bloodiest phase of the Vietnamese civil war still lay ahead. Half a million dead, wounded and missing Vietnamese later, we had our answer. In many an obscure, fratricidal battle, the ARVN did well. But, in the end, faced by a combination of the Viet Cong, the regular army of North Vietnam, enlightened opinion throughout the world, an American Congress tired of paying for a profitless war, and cowardly and incompetent generals at home – not forgetting massive deliveries of Russian tanks, artillery and ammunition to the other side – the ARVN failed. No mortal army, very likely, could have hacked that combination.

That was two years ago, and nothing very dreadful seems to have happened. The campuses slumber, Washington and Hanoi haggle over the terms of mutual recognition, the non-communist countries of South-East Asia huddle closer to Uncle Sam, President Carter is able to lecture the world on human rights without the cr s of the Thieu regime to bear. And no one, so far, has landed in Pasadena.

And here we are again. The *Chosun* is the best hotel in Seoul and the bar is a clean, well-lighted place. The drinks are a cut above Saigon gin, and American troops are once more, according to President Carter, about to go home. The talk goes to old campaigns, absent colleagues, but always it comes back to: can the ROK hack it? Vietnam seems of more than nostalgic interest here. Some 50,000 Koreans fought in Vietnam – indeed, the fact that South Korea could spare them to earn $50 a month per man, plus rations, equipment and PX privileges – was often adduced as proof that one-half of a divided country *could* become stable, secure and relatively peaceful, another of those will-o'-the-wisps at the end of the tunnel. What can we recall about the soldiers of the Republic of Korea?

They were big, powerful men. But, then again, so are North Koreans. They were responsible for the province of Bin Dinh, which they had buttoned up by rough, but effective methods. If a Korean unit took a shot from a Vietnamese village, they burnt the village down. On the other hand, Asians themselves, they regularly rolled up their sleeves and helped the Bin Dinh farmers get the rice crop in. They made a big thing out of the martial arts, and they used to send experts round to give demonstrations at the local high schools. They had one man who could break a brick with one blow of his fist, and another who could catch a fly in flight with a pair of chopsticks. This deeply impressed the Vietnamese schoolchildren. Will it impress North Korea?

Were they motivated to fight communism? The Korean generals certainly were, and any visiting correspondent was trapped for a long, intricate briefing on the Koreans' plan to win the war. The rank-and-file Koreans seemed more philosophical; by and large, they left the local Viet Cong alone and the Viet Cong left them alone. At the end of their tours they took their money, stocked up at the PX and departed, glad, like soldiers everywhere, to be going home in one piece. They never encountered main-force Viet Cong, much less well-equipped North Vietnamese regulars.

The situation on the ground in Korea offers not much more basis for prediction of the outcome. The Korean Peninsula, long and narrow and seamed with mountain ranges and rivers, ought to give overwhelming advantage to the defender, going either way. Yet, in 1950 the North Koreans got to the perimeter of Pusan in the extreme south, MacArthur pushed them to within 40 miles of the Yalu River in the far north, and then the Chinese intervened and pushed the Americans and their allies back to about the middle, making Korea, for its size, the most devastated country of modern times.

The military balance of the two sides is unclear. South Korea has twice the population, 34 million to 16 million. It has more men under arms, 625,000 regulars, a million reservists and a couple of million national guard, while the North has 467,000 full-time, 300,000 reserve and two million labour-farmer Red Guards. The North has more aircraft, the South more artillery. Wars with these numbers engaged have gone either way; and civil wars are usually fought to the bitter end.

One friend of South Korea is, we know, not optimistic. Major-General John K. Singlaub is an American soldier who matches a chestful of medals with, as the *New York Times* puts it, 'modest intellectual attainments'. The General is no stranger to Korea, having been stationed there with US Army intelligence as long ago as 1952. More recently he was Chief of Staff of the 38,000-strong American ground force in South Korea, seeing the daily intelligence reports on the order of battle of the North Korean Army facing his command across the Demilitarised Zone, and not, he told John Saar of the *Washington Post*, liking what he saw.

There is some dispute about the status of this interview. General Singlaub told a Congressional sub-committee back in Washington that he had been 'mousetrapped' by Saar (whatever that might mean) into going public on what was supposed to be an off-the-record, unattributable background briefing – although Singlaub later repeated much of what he had to say to Ms Amanda Nix of the Columbia Broadcasting System, possibly not knowing, caring, that Ms Nix is also Ms Saar.

There is no doubt, however, about what General Singlaub said – that if the US troops in Korea are withdrawn, even on the five-year timetable proposed by President Carter, then North Korea will attack across the Demilitarised Zone and the Korean War will be back on the front pages.

Singlaub's opinion, shared, he said, by the senior South Korean officers and the other American generals in Korea, was highly topical, coming as it did the day before the planned arrival in Seoul of General George Brown, chairman of the US Joint Chiefs of staff, and Philip Habib, the US Under-Secretary of State in charge of East Asian Affairs, to arrange for the withdrawal of American troops from Korea in talks with South Korean President Park.

In fact, their planes almost crossed at Tokyo Airport. When the *Washington Post* was delivered to the White House, President Carter reacted rapidly. Singlaub was summoned from Seoul, whisked to the Oval Office, hauled over the coals by Carter and summarily sacked. A little later Carter seems to have relented somewhat, as Singlaub was reassigned to head the US Army training programme within the United States, technically a promotion – 'it's better than folding blankets in Alaska', said a colleague – but in reality more like the military equivalent of the House of Lords. Carter took the opportunity of his next press conference to say that the withdrawal from Korea goes on as planned.

Mousetrapped or muzzled, Singlaub's motives are easy to read – a plain soldier, speaking his mind, cannot be far from the truth. But what are Carter's motives? This, under examination, becomes two puzzles: why is Carter pushing his withdrawal plan so vigorously, in the face of no particular interest in the subject back home? Why did he react so explosively to Singlaub's indiscretion, on a subject on which the General can claim, after all, more knowledge than his Commander-in-Chief?

The second problem may be easier. We have, unfortunately, no Pentagon Papers, or even White House tapes on the origins of the Korean War. Even the basic document, National Security Council 68 of 1949, which plans America's global response to the Communist victory in China and the Russian breaking of the American nuclear monopoly has never been declassified, leaked, blurted out or otherwise made available to students of one of the key events of our time.

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What we do know, however, is that NSC-68 is no longer, as they say in Washington, operative. Only in South Korea (and, possibly, meetings of the John Birch Society) can you still sample the simple pieties of the early 1950s. 'Commies came through there, ma'am' a 19-year-old sergeant of the US Army briefs visitors to Panmunjom, the Truce Village on the North-South demarcation line, outlining the causes of a war that started long before he was born; and if you want to stay you can hear the rest, the world-wide communist conspiracy directed from Moscow, the plan to establish a global dictatorship more horrendous than Hitler's, the obedient assistance of Moscow's puppets, Mao Tse-tung and Kim Il Sung, and finally the moment when the Free World manfully resolved that Korea was the place the bad guys would not pass.

Carter and his staff have much better access to the archives than we have, and even we know that internal events in the two Koreas had much more to do with the outbreak of the first Korean war than any orders supposedly telegraphed from Moscow. This makes the likelihood of another Korean War even stronger, because the International Communist Conspiracy now has its hands pretty full with its own splits and divisions, whereas a Korean Civil War, unamenable to ping-pong, wheat deals or détente, is likely to continue in hot or cold form until one side has been destroyed.

Carter is also no doubt well aware that MacArthur and *his* staunchly anti-communist intelligence chief, Major-General Charles Willoughby, had some devious contacts with Syngman Rhee, the then dictator of South Korea, *before* the outbreak of the Korean War – contacts which may, or may not, have emboldened Rhee in his wild talk about 'marching north', shortly before the North Koreans started their all-too-real march south.

However, there is one way to make sure that whatever happened between MacArthur, Willoughby and Rhee does not happen again. General Singlaub may have scored an unmerited promotion – the correct treatment for insubordination, if that was his offence, would not have been to give him a bigger job, but to relieve him and put him out to grass. But, running US military schools, he cannot even be tempted to intrigue with Korean civilians, if Park and his generals could be described as civilians. Better safe than sorry.

But why withdraw at all? It was a campaign promise, say Carter's supporters. So was a $50 income tax rebate, which probably won a hundred times as many votes. And why push Korean withdrawal now?

We can dismiss, at once, a real change in the Korean military balance. It has not changed significantly for 20 years. Both Park and Kim, primarily military men, have conscripted as many men and spent as much as they could afford on defence over the years, while trying to keep funds and bodies available for the economic contest on which they were simultaneously engaged. Neither side can attain real military security without outside help – an overall five to one advantage might approach it, ten to one is better, and most generals prefer 50 to one at the point of decision. Luck, weather, skill – too many variables.

Even the American troops on the ground, a couple of average divisions, do not by themselves really make much difference. They play a vestigial legal role, as the 1953 armistice was between the North Koreans, the Chinese and the 'United Nations', and General John W. Vessey Jnr is still UN Commander in Korea and, as such, commander of the South Korean Army as well. The real guarantee for anti-Communist South Korea is the prospect of American bombers and resupply of equipment, and the American troops are a guarantee, in turn, that they will arrive for Park, as they signally failed to arrive for Thieu.

Even without the troops, there is a guarantee for South Korea on paper, the US/Republic of Korea Mutual Defence Treaty of October 1953. This is one of the more exotic of the stream of treaties produced by John Foster Dulles, and in fact it bears the great man's signature. It is very brief. The US will treat any 'external armed attack' on South Korea as an attack on itself. The treaty runs forever, subject to a year's notice of termination by either side. The US and the Republic of Korea – any regime can call itself the Republic of Korea, as neither composition, political complexion nor geographical area are defined – are old married folks, and just have to put up with each other's irritating little ways. The American soldiers at the Demarcation Line are, so to speak, the ring.

How does this square with Jimmy Carter's 'human rights' crusade? It doesn't. South Korea's ration of human rights is, no doubt, bigger than North Korea's, Uganda's or even South Africa's, but the last three are not under American military protection. Park's handling of the Kim Dae Jung affair would alone put him outside the Carter pale – Kim, who almost toppled Park in the last Korean elections, was brazenly kidnapped in the street in Tokyo by agents of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, dragged home for a show trial, and is now serving an eight-year stretch for, in essence, criticising the Park government.

All attempts by American officials to persuade Park to drop this vendetta have failed, including a pointed snub when Vice-President Walter Mondale ignored an invitation to include Seoul in his familiarisation run round the Free World last January. The next turn of the screw, clearly, is to bring the boys home, and restore freedom of decision on whether the bombers and the supply-drops arrive in time or not.

There's a price to pay, of course. Once the Americans are home it will be difficult, if not impossible to send them back. Kim Il Sung may well be emboldened to try his luck, just as the plain soldier Singlaub predicts. Congress may baulk at the bombers again. Seoul may fall in a day and Pusan a week later. The last Americans may leave, once more, by helicopter, to the morose strains of *Bye Bye Miss American Pie*. It will be regrettable, if it happens, but in the end it doesn't matter. Park is doing nothing for American security; his exposed little Calais on the Asian mainland is clearly not a beginning, but the end of something no longer operative. If the US needs an ally on the Asian mainland, China asks little, and right at this moment is keeping 50 Russian divisions off the Nato front in Europe. At the end of the day Park, like Thieu, is expendable.

Unless, of course, South Korea gets into line on the 'human rights' issue, desists from bribing American politicians, releases political prisoners, starting with those who happen to be Baptists . . . well, then the Mutual Defence Treaty is still in force, and there is every chance that the American side might honour it promptly and effectively, if an attack were made on a functioning democracy in South Korea.

Jimmy Carter is emerging as a man who means exactly what he says, within the limits of his understanding. There is, indeed, every sign that he regards Korea as just a tidying-up operation, the removal of a tripwire on which he has no intention of tripping. Considering the fate of his three predecessors, he will no doubt sleep easier as the risk, however small, that he will be yet another President bogged down in a land war in Asia is reduced to zero.

The people who are losing sleep over Korea are not the Americans, but their senior protégés in Asia, the Japanese, who are obliged for historical reasons to pretend that Korea has nothing to do with them. But, except for the first, heady days of slaying the Communist dragon, it has been a Japanese, not an American interest the Americans have been defending all along. Korea is the classical invasion route to Japan; there are nearly a million Koreans living in Japan, divided along North-South lines, and an unpublished study by the Japanese General Staff, begun after withdrawal from Korea surfaced as an issue during the last American elections, indicates that if the Korean War breaks out

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Roger Woddis

Watch your Language

Dr Zamenhof of Warsaw
Cried in glee, 'Well, waddya know? –
I've gone and coined a second language!'
But that was ninety years ago.

Today we need a modern system,
Simpler yet of wider scope,
To fit a world that's somewhat poorer
And certainly less rich in hope.

Esperanto has no future,
Basic English can't compare
With a language that expresses
International despair.

Neither knotted nor elitist,
Colourful, yet penny-plain,
When your attitude's defeatist
Desperanto takes the strain.

Universal understanding,
Buttons worn for all to see:
'Society of Desperantists',
Widely known as S.O.D.

SODDING bills and SODDING transport,
SODDING this and SODDING that,
Everyone will get the message –
You're a SODDING democrat.

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again Japan can expect a million refugees, half of them armed.

Human rights in South Korea are not a preoccupation of the Japanese Conservative Government, whose predecessors tamely acquiesced in the kidnapping of Kim Dae Jung. Much more alarming is the hint by the South Korean Foreign Minister, Park Tong Jin, that the ROK will push the development of nuclear weapons if the American ones in South Korea are withdrawn – as, indeed, they probably already have been.

Indeed, Korean nationalism is largely defined in terms of being anti-Japanese, and Park, who once served as Lieutenant Minoru Okamoto in the Imperial Japanese Army (he was, he says, conscripted) may well have to take a more anti-Japanese stance if he loses his American backers. Nuclear weapons in the hands of a Korean – any Korean – would lead to a demand for a deterrent nuclear armament for Japan. There's a Pandora's Box here, waiting to be opened, an implacable war that will not go away. General Singlaub is well out of the Korean mousetrap. Next in may be his innocent, well-intentioned Commander-in-Chief.

Tokyo

Donald Gould

Humbug and Health

According to surveys carried out in the US about 80 per cent of tobacco addicts *say* they would dearly love to kick the habit, and yet most cancer-stick junkies don't give up smoking until they start spitting up blood, or until they develop some of the other nasty signs and symptoms of the virtually incurable lung cancer which destroys nearly 40,000 British smokers every year, or until a dear friend or a husband or a wife dies from one of the destructions wreaked by the poisonous weed.

The third report of the Royal College of Physicians on smoking and health (which they have now, sensibly, entitled Smoking *or* Health) published last week, even tells of stupid old men, lying in hospital beds with oxygen masks clamped to their ravaged faces, who, while gasping out the last few months of an existence curtailed by the products of tobacco companies, lift the edges of their costly, life-sustaining devices in order to get the sucking end of yet another smouldering tube between their dying lips. And in so doing they are not only ensuring a continuance of the evil circumstances which have brought them low – they are also risking instant death by conflagration.

So you see how carelessly many of us risk our lives. And yet, at the same time, we fuss and muss and generally create about an entire legion of imagined threats to our health. Look at all that fuss about butter and margarine. The people who make Flora – the bread spread made entirely from sunflower seeds or some equally unappetising base – spend some hundreds of thousands or even millions of pounds a year in striving to convince us that their poly-unsaturated fat product will, swallowed instead of butter, substantially reduce the chances of death from heart disease or stroke. The Butter Information Council, on the other hand, has recently been spending similar sums on attempting to persuade us that there is no truth in the claim that dairy products kill.

So you reads your ads and you takes your choice. There's no good proof either way. All the same, there is an enormous fashion in the US for eating 'low cholesterol' foods. People will, it seems, shy away from habits and indulgences which they believe *might* kill them, while perversely remaining hooked to ways of living which almost certainly *will* kill them.

The nasty thing about it all is the damned hypocrisy. In 1970 the Food and Drug Administration in the United States banned the use of cyclamates – the widely used artificial sweeteners – and in a panic reaction the UK government prohibited their use in this country within days of the American decree.

The ban on cyclamates and on saccharin came about as a result of animal experiments during the course of which vast amounts of these substances were fed to rats, or beagles, or whatever, and the unfortunate creatures (some of them anyhow) developed tumours. The prohibition on the use by humans of these same substances, in enormously smaller amounts, is the result of a piece of addle-headed legislation which makes it mandatory for any substance found to produce cancer in any animal to be banned forever from the US scene.

There is no reason at all to believe that either cyclamates or saccharin have ever caused a human cancer. There is plenty of reason for believing that the cane sugar which is swallowed in large amounts by the average westerner each year makes teeth fall out like autumn leaves, and. quite possibly, contributes to the sickness and death arising from furred up arteries and disorders like diabetes. There is no good reason at all for believing that the banned sugar substitutes do any such harm.

Yet nobody, either here or in the US, dares to upset the tobacco industry. Under the very Act which enabled the FDA to take an innocent, and probably beneficent product off the market (I'm talking of cyclamates) that same agency should surely have made the sale of cigarettes illegal. They *do* cause cancer, as many an animal study has shown. So why aren't they taken off the market?

And why don't we immediately ban the inessential use of petrols containing tetraethyl lead? There is evidence that both plants and children, living near motorways, are being poisoned by the effluence from exhaust pipes. In Japan the industrialists have even produced a new disease. Not the cancers still arising from the dropping of those frightful bombs, but Minamata sickness, the disruption of the central nervous system produced by mercury poisoning, from eating fish caught in a bay polluted by a company working at its edge.

Even those apparently wholly innocent providers of consumer goods like Pascall and Cadbury seem to add to the destruction of the public they serve, because sticky sweets not only make teeth fall out. Their consumption also appears to increase the chances of a child customer becoming stupid, because lead damages the brain and there is so much poisonous lead floating about in city air that an infant sucking a comfit is likely to take in possibly dangerous amounts of that organic poison simply from the quantities liable to stick to the surface of a lollipop while it is being sucked.

The sad fact of the matter is that we are all in the most dreadful muddle concerning the foods, liquids and gases which we take down into our stomachs and lungs during the course of a day. Perhaps the most hopeful aspect of the whole affair is that somewhere between two and three thousands years ago a psalmist suggested that the proper life span for a man amounted to three score years and ten, and that since that time, and despite our best efforts to the contrary, the figure has remained very much the same.

Caroline Seebohm

Tennis, Anyone?

The US cult of Farrah Fawcett-Majors is more than just excitement about another pretty face. In case you may have missed her, Farrah Fawcett-Majors is one of the three female stars of *Charlie's Angels*, a TV series in which three girls run around keeping crime off the streets in the employ of an unseen 'Charlie'. All three have their own special appeal: one is a sensuous brunette, the second looks faintly intelligent, and Farrah, well, Farrah gleams lusciously from beneath a mane of blonde-tipped hair that whirls back from her head in a manner that defies gravity. She used to do Hoxceme shaving cream advertisements, cuddling up to a puff of erotic-looking foam, but her promotion to acting in a real drama has made her the best known face in America. Billboards, posters and magazine covers are falling over themselves to bring fabulous Farrah closer to the country's bosom; her commercial worth – the real test of anything in America – has skyrocketed into the million dollar bracket.

The fundamental attraction of Miss Fawcett-Majors, however, is not her Niagara Falls of hair, nor her svelte figure, nor even her double-barrelled name (which she achieved by adding the name of her husband, TV star Lee Majors, to her own, in endear-

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ingly unliberated fashion), but her *health*. She radiates a deodorised, lithe, alfalfa sprouts fitness. Her enormous smile proclaims brushed-three-times-a-day white teeth. Her body has none of the dissipatedly voluptuous Fragonard curves that Americans used to lust after in Marilyn Monroe or Raquel Welch. Today's pin-up wears no bra, little make-up, and declares; 'I feel I look better if I've just played a tough game of tennis or run a mile.'

Of course, this type has been around back home for ages, as I scornfully tell the F-M freaks. It was immortalised by John Betjeman years ago:

> Miss J. Hunter Dunn, Miss J. Hunter Dunn,
> Furnish'd and burnish'd by Aldershot sun,
> What strenuous singles we played after tea,
> We in the tournament – you against me!

At such lines, the fans begin to pant with excitement, raising their heart rates dangerously above their target zone. For the fact of the matter is, after decades of 2lb hamburgers, double martinis, French Fries and popcorn, North America is going on a health kick.

In 1963 yogurt sales averaged about three-tenths of a pound per person. By 1975 it increased to 2lb per person (that's about $300m. worth). Frozen yogurt is flooding the market. Health food stores are opening on every Main Street across the country. More and more people are growing their own vegetables. Sales of full-sized greenhouses have doubled in the last decade. There has been a 50-per-cent increase in the purchase of whirlpool baths and saunas since 1975. Privately owned tennis courts have gone up by 25 per cent in the last year. The city's parks and suburban lanes are jammed with joggers, and more recently, runners. The top shoes this year, according to American *Vogue*, are a high-heeled sandal and . . . a running shoe. Dress designers such as Ralph Lauren and Geoffrey Beene are rushing out lines in tennis shorts and jogging suits. And if you don't yet know what 'aerobic' means, you're positively depraved.

At restaurants in New York these days, gone are those familiar two martini business lunchers; instead you'll find lean-faced wheeler-dealers sipping Perrier water with a slice of lime. (Perrier, not slow to notice this curious trend, announced in France last month that they were going to begin marketing six-packs in the US shortly instead of the hard-to-find gourmet bottles.) At the Bistro in Beverly Hills, the most popular luncheon item is cold salmon served with sliced cucumbers; at New York's La Grenouille, it's cold poached striped bass and fresh asparagus. The French revolution in *haute cuisine*, called Cuisine Minceur (mostly cutting down on butter and cream), has been as inspirational to Americans as the first revolution was. The no-dessert dinner party has become the very last word in chic.

Carter's Washington accurately reflects this new blood. Local observers comment on the lack of late nights since Carter moved in. Expense account lunches are no longer part of life. 'After Watergate and Vietnam,' says Mrs Averell Harriman, 'we are caught up in a syndrome where the emphasis is on work and going good – it has overtaken

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12 June **MP in Trouble**

Dick Taverne meets his local Party executive committee to explain why he was voting in favour of Britain joining the EEC when the Labour Party had decided to oppose it – and learns that they are likely to throw him out.

19 June **Trial of Strength**

When Labour came to power in 1964, they were committed to a Land Commission. Civil servants under Baroness Sharp were convinced the scheme was not practical. She joins with others involved in telling the inside story of what happened in the ensuing tussle.

26 June **Watchdog or Lapdog?**

Parliament is the nation's watchdog, keeping a check on Government – but has it got teeth? Some of Parliament's finest speakers since the war debate the issue.

3 July **As it Happened**

For the first time, cameras were allowed to film British ministers and civil servants throughout four months' work on a key piece of legislation – the Fair Trading Bill.

10 July **Cabinet in Conflict**

The split over public spending cuts occupied eight Cabinet meetings. Leaks to newspapers were numerous. On the basis of these, eight journalists with the best sources put the arguments of the ministers most closely involved in the Cabinet Room.

17 July **Defiance from the Council**

Local authority spending must be curbed, said the Government. Hammersmith Council studied the directive – and decided they must still put spending up. Why did they do it?

24 July **Inside the Brussels HQ**

The only occasion when film cameras have been admitted to record the process of law-making in the EEC.

Introduced by John Mackintosh, MP, Professor of Politics at Edinburgh University.

GRANADA TELEVISION

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frivolity.' The salacious memoirs of 'Fishbait,' the Congressional doorkeeper, which have just been published, revealing frightful stories of booze and womanising on Capitol Hill, will no doubt add fuel to the fire of this austerity binge.

That is why Farrah Fawcett-Majors hits the spot. She eats 'a little fish or chicken or just vegetables and rice'. She does a 20-minute exercise warm-up every day. She gets so carried away swimming in the ocean that 'I end up gargling with it as well as swimming in it.' Since Women's lib cast sexuality into disrepute, nobody knows what is permissible in sexual expression any more. (American actresses are constantly complaining that nobody writes good parts for women these days.) Farrah's clean-cut, hygienic, salt-water-gargling image is safe from all points of view – a perfect goddess for John Betjeman's immortal apostrophe:

Oh! would I were her racket press'd
With hard excitement to her breast
And swished into the sunlit air
Arm-high above her tousled hair . . .

New York

Alastair Hetherington*

Scotland and the BBC

Let's start with a Rhum view of Annan. From the summit of Askival, the craggiest of the Rhum Cuillin, the panorama is immense – Outer Hebrides, Inner Isles, and mainland mountains, with Nevis and the Affric Hills still snow-capped. Below me, while I sit, a BBC Scotland film crew is at work on a documentary about the island and its life. Altogether pleasing – except that when the film is shown it won't be seen in Rhum. As the inhabitants have not been slow to point out.

Which is where Annan comes in. The Committee on the Future of Broadcasting has noted that along much of the West coast of Scotland there is little or no reception. In islands like Rhum there is no television at all, not even old black-and-white, while the radio crackles and bangs and on winter nights sometimes fades away.

So Annan has recommended that the highest UK priority in 625-line television cover should be given to Mid-Wales, Northern Scotland, and the Scottish Islands. And on VHF radio, which is more reliable than medium frequency in remote areas, Annan says that 'as a matter of urgency' coverage in Scotland should be extended. These are good recommendations, and in keeping with what the BBC and IBA are already trying to do. By 1981 all communities of 500 people or more ought to be served.

I mention this because it's not commonly appreciated down south or in central Scotland for that matter. The foremost problem for the BBC in Scotland lies not in politics or devolution or separatism or Sabbatarianism – though each impinges on us – but in simply getting the signal over mountains and across seas to distant places. You may now hear enchanting quadrophonic music in Highgate or Didsbury, or even in Morningside, but there isn't even stereo north of Dundee or west of the Clyde, and there won't be before 1980 at best.

But this brings in another aspect of Annan. Why, ask parts of the Scottish press, should Scots licence payers fork out an extra 60p or 80p or whatever it may be to pay for 45 new local radio stations in England? Why is the BBC asking the Scots to subsidise the English? Well, actually, it isn't. And there are at least three answers.

First, swings and roundabouts. Why equally should the English subsidise transmitters in Scotland? The television transmitter recently opened near Stornoway will have cost about £50 a head of people served, including its links with the mainland, and the one in Shetland over £80 a head – sums that could not soon be covered out of licence fees from those island areas, or at such an early date from Scottish licence fees alone.

Secondly, if the new licence fee were to prove adequate (sadly unlikely at present) the BBC would intend to put in five new local stations in Scotland along with the 45 new ones in England. Again, it may be true that Jimmy Gordon and the commercial boys could be quicker off the mark in places like Dundee. With the success of Radio Clyde behind him, Jimmy is asking the Government to let the IBA get on with three or four new commercial radio stations in Scotland without waiting for larger decisions on Annan.

But if I lived outside the most populous parts of Scotland – say in Elgin or Dumfries – I'd be asking who was likely to serve me soonest there. Commercial stations outside central Scotland are never likely to be viable. And I'd be asking also about the kind of programmes I could expect even in Dundee or Aberdeen. Nearly non-stop pop, or a more balanced diet?

The third point may get me into hot water with my BBC brethren in London. They say that Scotland is heavily subsidised anyway. We say that that's only because historically the BBC set itself up as a centralised organisation. (Reith did it, though he was a Scot.) We say that if more network programmes were made in Scotland – especially in television – the financial imbalance would be less. Happily that's beginning to happen.

Annan says that Scotland ought to be making more network programmes – and that they should be judged on quality, not quotas. We wholly agree. On quality there should be a single UK standard. We reckon we've achieved it in some of our recent drama and documentary output. Finance permitting, which again is a painful knife-edge with the licence fee not settled, BBC Scotland's network output will jump later this year and next year.

The claim to make more network programmes in Scotland is neither nationalist or non-nationalist. It is common sense. We have unused talent which ought to be fostered. Even if Scottish output were doubled in each of the next two or three years – BBC and IBA – we'd still fall far short of our proper UK contribution.

You could argue, indeed, that Scotland is less likely to be separatist if it's seen to enjoy better opportunities within the UK. In broadcasting, it has not enjoyed anything like its fair share so far. Annan speaks of the 'vicious circle' by which talent is drained away to England, so making it harder to maintain the quality of Scottish output. That circle must be reversed.

Scottish broadcasters ought also to be more enterprising in covering news and current affairs – another view that Annan reflects. Traditionally, broadcasters here have been deferential to the Scots establishment – from Kirk to big companies – and cautious not to tread on anyone's toes. Impartial we must be: subservient we must not. But will Scots politicians and public officials applaud enterprise ? Some will, some won't. An unholy alliance from Iain Sproat to Robin Cook has tried to cane BBC Scotland for putting on *Scotland 1980*?, a series about the economic options implied by independence. It's comforting to be able to record that letters of approval have well outweighed letters of protest.

Nor has BBC Scottish output been 'obsessed' with devolution as some critics have said. In response to a Westminster inquiry, I recently furnished a full list of topics covered in current affairs programmes since September. Fewer than one in seven were concerned directly or indirectly with the issues of devolution or self-government – hardly an obsession at a time when the Scotland and Wales Bill was the foremost piece of legislation before Parliament. Series such as the BBC-1 *Energy File*, which exactly anticipated the Ekofisk crisis, have also been part of our output.

Perhaps some of the flak has been fired because of misunderstanding about what we've been trying to do within the BBC. Yes, Scotland is seeking devolution within the BBC. That has nothing to do with politics – only with efficiency. It's no secret that soon after moving over from Fleet Street I concluded that the BBC had some of the world's best broadcasters and some of the world's worst bureaucrats. Not an original thought: but a further year's experience has altered it only a little.

To take one simple case: when trying to fill an established vacancy (monthly paid) it shouldn't be necessary to have to refer to London three or four separate times on each appointment. It shouldn't be necessary to refer even once, provided we treat all UK applicants equally and accept one London representative on the appointment board. At least three separate references are still required of us, nevertheless. What's wrong with trying to cut though the red tape? It's not nationalism. It's just trying to get on with the job. And Annan, bless him, is on our side.

**Alastair Hetherington was Editor of the* Guardian *from 1956-75. He is now Controller, BBC Scotland.*

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Yvonne Roberts

A Short Stay in Soho

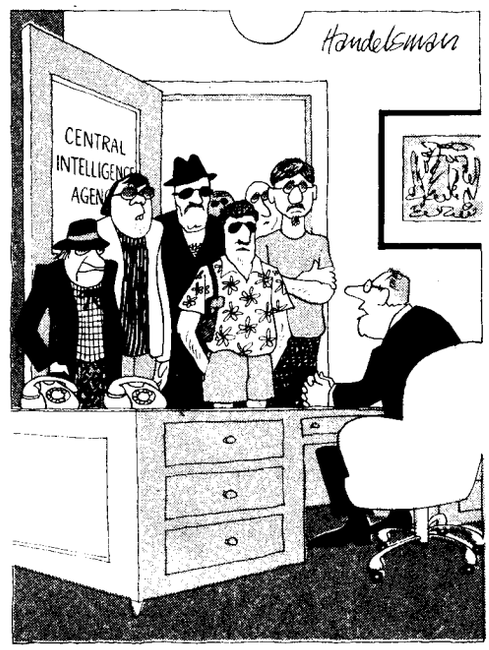
The Theatre Girls' Club at 59 Greek Street is a spacious house built in the palmy days when Mrs Worthington first heard the warning to keep her daughter off the stage. It was designed for would-be ingénues who wanted to brave the London theatrical world from the safety of a genteel hostel. Today, only the club's name (a condition of the lease) and a small brass plaque laid in 1924 'in memory of an aspiring actress' who died in her twenties, bear witness to that past. Since 1971 the Club has been run by Homeless in Britain, an organisation set up 11 years ago to help rootless females. Now, a group of six workers acting as a co-operative manage the house as a centre for 47 women, nomads whose problems have became larger than any normal life style can contain. Alcoholism, drugs, a history of mental illness or simple non-conformity have turned these women into 'cases' which the more orthodox side of the welfare state finds difficult to help. They are women like Maggie and Frances and Jane.

Maggie looks like a bee-keeper in a Japanese art film. She wears a long black mac, a wide brim straw hat and a black scarf draped over her face. In the Club's lounge – a lino-laid room with a scattering of chairs, a battered piano and a stuttering television set – she navigates her way around the small barricades of other people's possessions. As she goes, she gently swats at cigarette butts with the hook-end of her walking stick and steps over imaginary walls. When her scarf falls back, it reveals two deep gouges on Maggie's face where she perpetually scratches herself to bloodiness. Maggie is persecuted by imaginary people and laser beams and fuse boxes and anything electrical – a shadow from her past. A few of the women may goad her a little, but most of the time Maggie is left alone.

Frances is in her fifties, she is tall with steel-grey hair and, from time to time, she puts on plastic sunglasses with flyaway rims. She wears a uniform of a pink blouse and brown skirt and grime that seems at home on her like a second skin. Frances, in conversation, uses her own form of syntax. 'How you say it?' 'What the word is?' It is a mannerism, an attempt at femininity, because Frances is a man, a trans-sexual. She came down from the north three years ago for 'The Operation' and she is still waiting. Frances is homeless but more importantly, perhaps, she needs acceptance. In a room of her own at Greek Street, she does at least get that.

Jane too is middle-aged, stick thin and with a racking cough. She is intelligent and humorous and, when she can, she works in catering. But most of the time, she will tell you herself, she dedicates her efforts to getting drunk. Saturday for her, as with most of the alcoholics in the house, is the highlight of the week, the easiest day of the seven to forget because it is the day supplementary benefit is paid; £4.10 a person. Even when that has gone and all the currency needed to buy Jane's lifelong friendship is a swig of cider and a free fag, she still remembers where she has come from – and at what cost. 'Middle class and all that. Is that the right phrase?', she says, affecting nonchalance. Jane has three grown-up children and a husband who is a publican. A son visits her sometimes; a daughter, has been driven to a nervous breakdown because of her mother's condition. Jane has a double burden. She has dropped out; a man's privilege, but she has left a family behind – and that appears to be largely a woman's guilt. 'It's the bairns I think about', she says as the empty bottles mushroom around her feet and the day grows older. 'It's the bairns.'

Women like Jane and Maggie *could* get help elsewhere but it would be on very different terms. The Department of Health and Social Security recognises that there is a need to help the 'unsettled' into a more settled way of life, so it provides temporary accommodation in two reception centres in London: the one acts as a clearing house for the other. However well intentioned, both centres are governed by rules and a timetable. Women when they first enter are bathed, examined for lice and documented; later, they eat, sleep and do a chore each day according to the clock. And eventually, of course, they *must* move on. The routine is much the same way in the Salvation Army. Beds have to be vacated at certain times, the Sabbath is synonymous with prayers and no vices – such as drinking – can be indulged on the premises. If it's like living permanently in your Sunday best, Greek Street is the opposite. The house has no rising bell or out-of-bounds. The evening meal may be at six or sometimes at seven. The women can eat, sleep, drink and if they are registered fix in their own room, if and when they choose. The result wouldn't please the fastidious, the permanent muzak of yells and constantly raised voices which swells and fills the three floors, the dirt and smell is enough to jar the sensitive. But Greek Street *does* stitch a hole in the welfare net and, until this year, the Supplementary Benefits Commission (SBC) seemed to recognise that fact.



'OK, men, get yourselves some striped pants. You're diplomats and you're going to Havana.'

Schedule Five of the 1966 Supplementary Benefits Act allows the SBC to give financial help to voluntary organisations not 'identified with authority' who can influence the rootless into a more settled way of life by offering temporary board and lodgings. The official guideline issued by the SBC, explaining Schedule Five, makes little reference to women but its intention seems clear. 'Any realistic attempt at resettlement of this kind must depend upon encouraging a man to stay for a reasonable time', it reads. 'He needs a temporary home, not just a temporary roof.' For the last six years at Greek Street, Homeless in Britain has taken the SBC at its word.

The Club costs £58,000 a year to run, £10,000 comes from a Home Office grant for ex-offenders, Westminster Council provides £2,000, some donations are made and the women pay a rent of £19 a week if they are on supplementary benefits, £10 if they work (as a few do). In 1976, the Supplementary Benefits Commission helped with a grant of £13,300, this year it will be £5,000 but by 1978, the SBC recently announced, the grant will end altogether. The reason, apparently, is that Greek Street has become *too* successful. The women, in the view of the SBC, have become too 'settled' to be considered in temporary accommodation – and as the grant can only be given for the latter type of help, it has to be phased out. The mystery is that the majority of the women at the house *do* stay only a matter of days. So what exactly is 'permanent' and how does one define 'temporary'?

In these circumstances the lack of the Supplementary Benefits Commission grant, inevitably, will make the workers' job even more difficult. They need extra help, not less. But Homeless in Britain is more worried about the principle at stake than the inconvenience the cut promises. At present, there is no statutory duty, only a 'responsibility' on local authorities to house women under pensionable age. Indeed, there is very little accommodation in the private or the public sector for single people in general. So it is awkward enough for any woman in middle age, single and 'in control' of her life, to cope. It is almost impossible for individuals like Maggie and Jane. Take them away from a community like Greek Street, for all its crudeness, and they disintegrate again.

Greek Street is one of half a dozen projects in the country helping probably a few thousand women; women who have been rejected from most other corners of society. If projects like Greek Street fail – through lack of Government backing – these women won't only be rejected, but forgotten and abandoned too. 'It's strange to think' said one of the workers at the end of his 12 hour stint, 'that all these women were young once. No different from the rest of us.'

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London Diary

☐ Hard to imagine a worse curtain-raiser for this week's Commonwealth conference than the coup in the Seychelles. By which I don't mean to imply that I take it with great gravity or seriousness – Mr Mancham, from all accounts of his behaviour, was lucky to survive for the year that he did. In virtually every paper on Monday it was the gossip columnists rather than the political or diplomatic writers who were wheeled out to boast of their acquaintance with him; and everywhere he was presented as the 'playboy' or 'fun-loving' President (two, incidentally, of the worst-worn journalistic euphemisms for you-know-what). Enough perhaps to have made a 'Marxist' out of Mrs Whitehouse – should she have happened to be a Seychelloise living on a *per capita* income of £304 a year. No, the embarrassment comes not from Mr Mancham's fall but from the floodlight it has inevitably directed on the comic opera side of the Commonwealth. Seven London policemen, a Grenadier Guards warrant officer training a security force of 120 men, a total population of 60,000 but still all the possibilities for a constitutional coup perpetrated by a 'Prime Minister' on a 'President'. Perhaps the sun didn't set after all – it just died laughing.

☐ The serious part of this week's conference will, I hope, be reflected in its debate on human rights. Here Britain, as the host country, finds itself on slightly uneasy ground. True, last year we finally ratified the two UN Covenants on the subject adopted by the General Assembly as long ago as 1966 – but we still have not endorsed the Optional Protocol (the one that gives individual citizens the right to appeal against their own governments). In many ways it's odd how human rights has never taken off as an issue in Britain. It's obviously convenient for governments not to have individual citizens raising awkward questions about their treatment at the hands of authority before the UN (from Whitehall's point of view it's bad enough having them do so before the European Court and the European Commission at Strasbourg). But if Canada can take the risk, why is it that we can't? Perhaps that's a question that Mr Trudeau should ask this week – and not be too surprised if he gets the answer 'Haven't you even *heard* of Northern Ireland?'.

☐ If Enoch Powell has astonished his public by choosing to spend Jubilee week in Moscow, how on earth are they going to react to the discovery of him as the centrefold (well, almost) in Bob Guccione's skinmag, *Penthouse*? It's all right, he's fully clothed – in fact his only concession to the spirit of his surroundings seems to be a pair of bedroom slippers; and the feature about him consists, rather disappointingly, of an interview on foreign policy. But it's still an interview with a difference – and a difference that does not tell entirely in Mr Powell's favour. Apparently he gave it for money, £50 to be exact. *Penthouse*'s interviewer had hoped to get away with £20 but that was Mr Powell's fee for 'short' interviews – and 'short to Mr Powell turned out to mean five or ten minutes and half an hour came higher'. Nothing, I suppose, imprudent (certainly not improvident) about that – except that I'm not sure I'd choose to advertise my scale of charges in a magazine that otherwise consists of such features as 'The Joys of June', 'Wicked Wanda', or Xaviera Hollander's 'Call Me Madam'.

☐ We shall not, I gather, be getting our ringside view of the last two years of the Wilson government until after the next election. The years 1974-6 do not, of course, form part of the Crossman canon as Dick died in April 1974, just a month after Wilson became Prime Minister for the second time. But throughout all his years of cabinet diary-keeping Dick always had a rival in Barbara Castle. Her diaries have been with the *Sunday Times* now for over a year and initially there was a plan that we should be given at least a flavour of them this summer. At Barbara Castle's insistence, however, that plan has now been shelved; like Dick before her, she has acceded to a request to postpone publication until the next election is safely over. I only hope she has better luck than Dick. At Harold Wilson's entreaty, he deliberately held up publication of his first volume until Heath fell from power in 1974. Not that Wilson, however, has ever acknowledged his forbearance. In fact, rather the reverse. The last time the subject of the *Diaries* came up with big-hearted Harold on television, he dismissed them as 'mumbo-jumbo'.

☐ The Irish Republic's general election is due to take place next Thursday which, being 16 June, is also – as all NS readers ought to know – 'Bloomsday'. This year, as in *Ulysses*, it's also Ascot Gold Cup day over here. In the book Leopold Bloom gives 'Bantam' Lyons a tip that a rank outsider will win the race at 100-1. I'm told that punters in Dublin are beginning to feel much the same way about next Thursday's voting. At the beginning of the campaign the Fianna Gael/Labour coalition under Liam Cosgrave was heavily tipped to win another term of office – the odds quoted against Jack Lynch's Fianna Fail party running as high as 17-1. Since then, however, the coalition has been slipping badly while Fianna Fail has fought a sufficiently skilful campaign to see the odds against it shorten to 3-1. I'm not sure, though, that there isn't far more to be learnt from another set of figures, ones that perhaps incorporate the secret at the heart of Irish politics. A disillusioned friend from Dublin tells me that in the last Dail (with 144 deputies) no less than 33 members were the sons of former deputies, two were daughters, three were nephews and two more were sons-in-law. And that pattern, I'm told, is unlikely to change – whoever wins next week.

☐ Once a fortnight I get a very early tube train in order to start on my journey to the printers. Before 7 a.m. the London Underground service is superb. The trains are gloriously empty – and if you see one sailing out of the station, another seems to come along in no time. But how different are things late at night. Then you can spend anything up to half an hour wedged on a platform at Piccadilly, Tottenham Court Road or wherever restively waiting until an already crowded 'last train' comes trundling in. The contrast seemed sufficiently striking to be worth raising with Kenneth Robinson (who, as well as being the new chairman of the Arts Council, is also chairman of London Transport). He kindly offered to 'look into it' – and he has now written me a letter that, while conceding that trains up to 7 a.m. are 'lightly loaded' in comparison with those after 11 p.m., holds out no hope of an improvement in the late-night service. Ah well, I suppose it's something that I didn't provoke London Transport into immediately cancelling a proportionate number of the early morning trains: I can think of one or two 'public service' bodies that wouldn't have hesitated to do precisely that.

☐ Sometimes even in reading a serious book you get a small nugget of amusement by way of reward. I got one such the other day ploughing through a lengthy work about the origins of the Cold War. It came in the shape of an anecdote about the ludicrously self-inflated Senator Vandenburg, for many years Mr Republican in terms of foreign policy in the US Senate. On one occasion Mrs Robert Taft found herself sitting next to him at dinner, having previously been forewarned by her husband to 'butter him up'. Alas, when all was over, she could only report failure of her mission: 'He buttered himself so thoroughly that I couldn't find a single ungreased spot.' Neat – and for some reason something that has gone round and round in my head this week.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Awards are to be made to the Diary writers of national and provincial newspapers responsible for 'the best and least obnoxious scandal story published between 1 January and 18 June.' – *UK Press Gazette* (John O'Sullivan)

☐ One never used to take wine to a dinner party, but things have changed in this respect. Nowadays, probably owing to the fact that we have so many Orientals in our lives, taking presents has become quite the thing. They never appear without some little thing, and I find that we tend to reciprocate. It need not necessarily be a bottle of wine. It can be almost anything – a little bar of soap, for instance – Barbara Cartland in *Woman's Journal* (B. C. Softley)

☐ Lord Denning's clerk said last night that he was 'not a sporty man.' His passions extended to 'rice pudding and the law,' though admittedly he did take an interest in his local village cricket club in Whitchurch, Hants. – *Daily Telegraph* (R. Banks)

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University Forum

David Lowe*

So You Think You've Got Problems

The report by the OECD on the distribution of wealth considered that France was the country where there was the most disparity between income levels. It is hardly surprising to discover, therefore, that higher education institutions in France are continuing to function in such a way that this disparity is not only maintained but actively encouraged. Heinrich Böll has said that irony is only a narcotic for the privileged. Is it not ironic that in a country that is widely praised for its cultural heritage, the privileged sectors of the society are seeking to destroy the one thing that has been for centuries the envy of the bourgeois civilised world: academic freedom and the pursuit of knowledge? Let us examine the myth . . .

Unlike the British universities, French universities suffer direct governmental control. This lack of autonomy – the Government is solely responsible for the allocation of resources to each university – in part accounts for the present and continuing unrest which persists like a cancer within these effervescent education factories. It is only partly to blame, however. There are other more subtle reasons for student discontent, reasons of which the academic staff are also aware. There is a general criticism of higher education in France which relates to the fact that these institutions are divided into two main elements: the so-called *grandes écoles* – the elitist academic institutions par excellence – and the universities themselves, which are made to suffer inferior status yet remain the main components of the French system. The inferiority complex which the universities feel in relation to their 'big brothers' is somewhat similar to that which exists in Britain between universities and polytechnics, except that the small number of *grandes écoles* and the large number of universities tends to accentuate the elitist self-image of the former. The general feeling is that the universities serve as stables for the future unemployed whereas the *grandes écoles* educate the future rulers of France. The way in which the Government provides funds for these two parts of the educational system reflects the widening gap between the 'haves' and the 'have nots'; or more precisely, the 'squeezed'.

The reforms of the university system which were decreed by the French Government in 1975/6 aimed at the introduction of a selection procedure for the second cycle of the university course (i.e. following on from their general two-year university diploma). By a rechannelling of the university budget into sectors which were considered to be more vocational, and by restricting entry into these sectors, the Goverment hoped to reduce university expenditure overall by simply eliminating students from the university register. The Government blamed the universities for the high level of unemployment among young people because they attracted a 'disproportionate number' of students into non-vocational courses. In transferring their responsibility in this way the Government hoped to quieten the tone of opposition arguments for a new policy to cope with the increasing level of unemployment, and the falling standard of living. Their policy did none of these things. What it did do, however, was to incite a reaction in the universities which led to an extended strike that ended only when the 'blackmail' of exams forced the majority of students back into their faculties. The aftermath of that period lingers on.

In the current academic year, the universities in Paris (of which there are 13) have suffered an average cut in their budget of just over 35 per cent. The provincial universities find themselves slightly better off financially, although cuts were still severe. The practical result of this has been a reduction in the choice and the number of seminar groups and a consequent increase in the average size of these groups to an intolerable level. The Government has succeeded in implementing its reforms because of its intransigence, but at the students' expense. Many faculties are facing closure before the end of this academic year as they do not have enough money to pay their teaching staff. The students are therefore to be left stranded and their diplomas invalidated because they will not have obtained the statutory number of teaching hours required. The strike season is with us again. Tempers are becoming roused anyway.

A further aggravation of the situation derives from the way in which the Government has handled these reforms. The measures were not, as would have been the case in Britain, debated and voted through parliamentary channels, but were issued by decree with only a minimum of consultation. Last year a majority of the presidents of the French universities (equivalent to the vice-chancellors) voted a motion which strongly criticised the plans of the Government – and this before their full effect was known. This 'establishment' criticism has added a certain amount of respectability to the students' rejection of what they see as a governmental assassination of the universities. It is the Secretary of State for the Universities (equivalent to a Minister of State in Britain) Mme Alice Saunier-Séïté, who has pushed the reforms through. When she entered the Government in January 1976 she inherited the responsibility for the reforms, drawn up by her predecessor. She began to explain the reforms in such a way as to imply that the criticisms of some of the foremost academic minds in France were wrong 'because they had failed to understand what the reforms were about'. On the other hand, she continued to support the reforms to such an extent that her senior advisor resigned last July having failed to convince her that she was manoeuvring on to a collision course. She has, nevertheless, continued to treat educationalists, expert sociologists and specialised journalists with disdain – on one occasion labelling them as 'idiots'.

In French universities there is a much more acute feeling of alienation and social isolation than in British universities. This derives from the geographical separation of the faculties and from the appalling lack of social facilities within the university buildings. It seems that this situation has resulted from a conscious attempt by the Government to divide the universities according to political criteria. For example the highly politicised Paris VIII – Vincennes – is to be moved to Marne-la-Vallée and its student intake halved.

Equally derisive, social facilities in the universities are at a strict minimum. Student bars and common rooms are generally non-existent, particularly in Paris. The norm consists of stand-up cafeterias and *à la chaine* restaurants, both of which discourage their clientèle from any sort of social interaction. The result of this is that students can become more easily disillusioned with their environment and therefore more likely to give up what they had envisaged as a valuable experience leading to a particular qualification. They find the experience worthless and their qualification no less so.

This is not true for all students, of course. Theoretically there is no academic selection in France as we understand it. Selection is a taboo word for most students, although for many years the French system has been operating a type of selection procedure which is much more insidious than that practised in Britain. Selection in French universities is based on financial criteria as no coherent grant system operates. The average student can expect no help from the Government in order to pursue his studies. Some grants are available to people who are married, for example, or to cases where 'particular hardship' exists; but these are discretionary, difficult to obtain, and the sum of money available derisory. Consequently a large number of full-time students must undertake part-time work all the year round.

A common outcome of this situation is that the student either fails his exams because he has not been able to devote enough time to his studies, or that he drops out from university half-way through his course because he can no longer maintain the pace of attending classes, going to work, preparing seminars and studying at home. Small wonder that the proportion of those students who successfully get through university with their diplomas are those students who come from the more privileged families. Only about 8 per cent of those students who obtain diplomas at the end of their courses come from working-class backgrounds, compared to just under 20 per cent in Britain. Neither country can feel at all proud of its record.

With the approach of summer, the mind of the French student turns to the more romantic aspects of university life. The cafés of Paris will once again be extended outside their winter shell of perspex and glass and moved into the street. The students, to be sure, will do likewise. . .

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Pardon My Twitch

We live and learn and it's never too late, I suppose, to add to one's towering storehouse of knowledge but I never thought that, so late in life, the information would reach me that Sir Richard Burton had a morbid fear of honey. Moreover, even if a fragrant canister of the best Bee-Zee-Bee were concealed in a cupboard behind a strong-smelling pickle jar, he could still sense its presence there and demand its instant removal. Our informant is his wife, and life, one feels, was already sufficiently complex for poor Lady Burton without finding herself landed with a honey-phobic spouse. Doubtless the cause goes back to some unfortunate episode in childhood. Was he, do you think, stung painfully by a swarm of bees and a victim thereafter of Apiphobia? Was he possibly punished too severely for raiding the store-cupboard and pinching the delicious substance, the subsequent harsh flogging bringing with it Mastigophobia (a dislike, natural enough, of being flogged)? Lady Burton, who had good reason not to enquire too closely into any of her husband's activities, is silent on this point. She was, perhaps, more fortunate than she knew. There are trickier things than honey. Robert Benchley once confessed to suffering from Genuphobia or, as he preferred to call it, 'Kneebophobia', a fear that his knees were suddenly going to start bending the wrong way. But Benchley was a distinguished humorist and may well not have been entirely serious.

Sympathetic persons, seeking a kind explanation for Queen Victoria's outstandingly unacceptable behaviour after the death of Albert, hiding herself grumpily away and refusing to earn her keep, have decided that the shock of his departure brought with it the well-known Agoraphobia, originally 'fear of the market place' and a region that she would be hardly likely to grace but which has come to mean a general irrational fear of open places and of the many disasters that may occur in them, the vast majority of these particular phobics being women. Kind Joy Melville, in her *Phobias and Obsessions* (Allen & Unwin, £4.50) is all explanation and helpful advice about treatment of this and many another distressful complaint. But all the same, it's quite clear to me that, in the case of Victoria, she merely went into a tremendous 30-year sulk against the Almighty over the removal of Albert, a reliable husband, if ever there was one, in the boudoir. Agoraphobia my foot!

The phobic possibilities are tremendously varied and perhaps one might make oneself just that little bit more interesting by developing one or two that are fully suitable to one's personality. What about, for instance, Linonophobia, or fear of string? Difficult to bring into really effective play because nowadays there isn't all that amount of string about, parcels arriving so heavily cellotaped (and *that* would make a much better phobia) that, as with packets of biscuits, you have to fight your way furiously in. Or there is Metallophobia (fear of metals) which could set one twitching excitingly in other people's motor-cars ('I say, are you feeling all right?') Elaborate opening of windows and fannings of face, and then, 'Do please forgive this silly old phobia of mine. It'll pass. Let's just pull into that pub over there for a while.' Which leads us on to Demonophobia or fear of spirits, which is not a thing I suffer from, whatever spirits this phobia may have in mind.

A number of the phobias mentioned I discover that I already possess, among them Autophobia, or fear of oneself. At a not very advanced hour, I dart to the bathroom glass, and say, can you see by the dawn's early light what further imperfections, another crease here, a bulge there, nature has gleefully dabbed on during the night. But, depressing sight though I may present, it's the mechanism inside my head that I fear the most and which increasingly produces absent-mindedness (wellies carefully put away in the fridge), literary laziness (I have a really advanced dread of novels, or 'Irisophobia') and forgetfulness of names ('Yes, yes, but *whose* Jubilee?). I find that I don't at the moment happen to suffer from Auroraphobia, or fear of auroral lights, Triskaidekaphobia (a fear of being thirteen at table or, indeed, of having to stammer that word out), Anemophobia (wind – that of heaven, presumably), Stasiphobia (fear of standing upright, and a real beast), or Aulophobia (fear of the sound of flutes), but they can count me in when it comes to Gallophobia (distrust of all things French), and Spheksophobia (wasps) and I'm right there with Lord Beeching when our old friend Siderodromophobia rears its head (it means a dislike of railways, even to the point of removing them completely). I used to have, in childhood and especially at mealtimes, a phobia mysteriously not mentioned here. It was 'lettucephobia' or fear of lettuce. Perhaps Miss Melville may care to include it in a further volume. The cure and treatment were simplicity itself. Remove the lettuce.

Fear of spiders (Arachnophobia) is, despite their relatively small size and retiring ways, modestly carrying on quietly in corners and minding their own business, widespread, even though superstitious rhymes about them are largely in the spider's favour: 'Kill a spider, bad luck yours will be, Till of flies you've swatted fifty-three.' The idea (spread about by Shakespeare, I regret to say) that they are venomous is incorrect and they have positively been credited with certain medicinal virtues (and here all serious Arachnophobics had better leave us for a few lines). A common cure for jaundice was to swallow a large, live house spider wrapped in butter. The same remedy put paid to ague in Ireland. In cases of fever (admittedly in 1760), munch a spider either wrapped in a raisin or spread upon bread and butter. For whooping cough, just hold a spider by the leg over the patient's head with a glad cry of 'Spider as you waste away, Whooping cough no longer stay.'

But it's nice to feel that, as regards one phobia listed here, we are all at least in the same boat, an extremely nasty boat though it may currently be. We all have this phobia as we struggle to live, to keep going somehow, to put up with shoddy behaviour from our alleged betters, to endure insults (everybody's so cross, and getting crosser), to be sneered at by every other country, ill-led by non-leaders, overtaxed and over-tired. I'm not by nature a pessimist but I do find myself sighing a good bit as day follows day. You'll want to know the name of the phobia. It's Panophobia. It just means 'fear of everything'.

STUDENTS

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Letters to the Editor

Anti-Jubilee Number

Sir, Last week's edition of the NEW STATESMAN was devoted wholly to condemnation of the monarchy and all it stands for. Not that one would expect the NEW STATESMAN to be anything but disapproving of the celebration of the Jubilee, with its heartfelt rejoicing that at least the past 25 years have been free of the rule of left-wing extremism, drudgery and dissipation. But the extent to which the event is hailed with such gleeful spite and malice gives an impression of irrationality.

No member of the Royal Family escapes from the maliciousness of your editorials. All are offensive, irrespective of the people concerned, who have not got the privilege of reply, nor the freedoms we enjoy in our humbler state. Wealth is only relative. It is not important.

Even the children from a North London infant school, successfully brainwashed in their left-wing slogans, express themselves with true left-wing venom. The only thing they have not learnt is how to spell, but that would seem unimportant.

Surely the monarchy is anachronistic, surely large sums of money are involved to keep it going, so surely the Jubilee celebration helps business, creates jobs, helps industries, and gives pleasure. But perhaps this is not enough to compensate for the envy and jealousy that the monarchy seems to arouse.

Envy and jealousy are the worst of all human traits and the basis of all evil, but alas, the elimination of the monarchy will not cure those traits which are endemic in our society, and on which the Left Wing thrives, and which it cultivates assiduously to attain its own ends in privilege and power. In that event we would never have anything at all to celebrate.

ELIZABETH M. GRAHAM-YOOLL

42 Fowler's Road
Salisbury

Sir, I have just read your Anti-Jubilee number from cover to cover. Although I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to reading the NS each Thursday (purchased at Waterloo Station!) I anticipated this issue with even more pleasure. And I have been well rewarded – this number must be one of the best that you have produced and will more than compensate for the rubbish that is appearing and will continue to do so in the magazines and papers published during the Jubilee.

R. COOPER

42 North Worple Way
London SW14

Sir, You have sunk low since the days when your journal had a certain intellectual respectability. Your latest issue, with its dreary poison-pen diatribes against the Royal Family, can only cause your standing to decline further. To publish ill-mannered personal comments about the Queen by a few anonymous nine-year-olds of North London, was cheap and unnecessary; while the appalling grammar and spelling of the children were a sad indictment of 'progressive 'modern education methods.

Whether left-wing socialists like it or not, our Queen happens to be a popular monarch, even among 'ordinary working people'. Millions regard her as an exemplary head of State, and a national symbol who is above class. The incredible enthusiasm and emotion in London's crowded streets on Jubilee Day could not possibly be attributed entirely to tourists. They were also a manifestation of national pride, patriotism and loyalty to Britain – qualities which the Far Left seeks constantly to undermine, for its own purposes.

A. LOOCH

25 Liskeard Gardens
Blackheath

Sir, Don't you think you might have overdone it a bit? I'm not going to threaten you with withdrawal of my 25p per week – it's worth it if only for the Competition and This England. But this sort of vitriolic outburst really does very little for the NEW STATESMAN and even less for the Republican cause, if that's what it's in aid of – personally I feel that all this attention could turn out to be excellent publicity for the Royals, who are surely not quite as bad as you paint them. It may even make a few socialist readers think about the good and bad points of having a head of state who is a non-politician. Look around at those countries who have one in that spot instead . . . would you really fancy President Callaghan, Thatcher or Benn?

LARRY ROSS

44 Church Crescent
London N3

Sir, As publicity secretary for the Bourton Jubilee Committee I feel I must write to you. Here in our village we have a very active committee and we have so far organised a dance, a sponsored walk and a jumble sale. Later on we plan a garden party and a fruit and vegetable show. We have decorated the village with union jacks and we had a picture of the Queen as the centre-piece of the decorations in the village hall.

Surely you must realise that the whole Jubilee thing is a national joke, it's the sort of thing that would happen in San Serriff. (I feel I'm letting down everybody by telling you, but it offends me to see a journal which I respect making a fool of itself through ignorance). We're all having a ball out in the country, dancing and lighting bonfires and getting together. Don't get uptight in your cerebral towers because you think we are really celebrating 25 years of new Elizabethan bliss. We're just having a party, I plan to have a great time anyway and God save the Queen! – whoever either of them is.

LESLEY LAVAN

The Old Vicarage
Bourton, Swindon

Sir, I'm not sure whether the monarchy has got it right for 1977, and so would have welcomed an analytical article or two. But . . . what you produced was totally unnecessary, and you fell into the *Daily Mail* trap of a scoop.

Don't let the NS become a destructive killjoy. If the Jubilee had not existed we should have had to invent something, and to celebrate a year of the Protector Callaghan would have been far, far worse.

JOHN PAXTON

Moss Cottage
Hardway
Bruton, Somerset

Sir, So 20 out of 24 working-class children aged about nine at a North London infant school 'exploded with venom' when asked if they liked the Queen. Where did they obtain the information on which they were able to base their judgment, or in other words, whose opinions were they parroting? I think James Fenton must be simple-minded.

M. S. GARRETT

18 Wyatt Park Road
London SW2

Sir, I enjoyed the Duke of Edinburgh profile – but how pointlessly inept to pin 'Prinny' on him. Prinny, as you doubtless know, was the affectionate nick-name given by the aristocracy to the Prince Regent, just as they later called Edward Prince of Wales 'Tum-tum'. One can hardly compare the subject of your profile with those two monarchs of taste and distinction.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

10 Cottesmore Court
Stanford Road
London W8

Democracy in Israel

Sir, Mr Arblaster (Letters 3 June) whatever his motives, rightly points out that the democratic process of the Israeli election has made a former terrorist Prime Minister of Israel. I have sent the following cable to Mr Begin:

> Many British democratic socialists hitherto supported Israel as a bastion of civilised conduct as opposed to Arab terrorism. Your reputation as a terrorist 30 years ago places this support in jeopardy. I ask you now to repudiate your past approval of terrorist methods, express regret for your involvement in such barbarous forms of political action, and pledge that your government will in all circumstances continue the civilised traditions established by Weitzman and Ben Gurion.

Will Mr Arblaster and his anti-Zionist friends now take similar steps to restrain the Arab fanatics they support from race murder?

PAUL JOHNSON

Copthall
Iver
Bucks.

Sir, It seems amazing that Harold Smith (Letters 27 May) should consider Israel democratic. A state which has deprived over a million Palestinian Arabs of their homes and rights, oppresses the remaining Arab minority in Israel and occupies through military conquest large tracts of Arab land hardly fits that bill. Political Zionism, the philosophy of Israel's ruling circles, is a racist dogma, and has quite rightly been condemned by the United Nations as a form of racism and race discrimination. Israel does have a parliamentary form of Government, but it is only a democracy for Israeli Jews. A suitable comparison would be with South Africa's white parliamentary 'democracy'. It is interesting to note that discrimination in Israel extends beyond the Arabs to Jews of African and Asian origin, whose culture is considered inferior by Israel's ruling group.

Israel's occupation of the Arab lands seized in 1967 has been brutal and oppressive. Last March, even the US State Department had to cite Israel's administration of the occupied territories on its list of human rights violations by US clients and allies. Many Arab countries are undemocratic, such as Saudi Arabia and the other feudal Gulf states along with other Arab regimes falling into the orbit of the United States, but this doesn't distract from the Palestinians legitimate rights nor from the fact that progressive Arab countries are advancing along the road of democracy. While on one hand, communists and democrats are gaoled and persecuted by right-wing Arab regimes, the respective Communist Parties of Iraq and Syria participate in the national governments of both countries, while democratic advances have been made in South Yemen, Algeria and Libya, whose political movements have achieved in their revolutions more in a short span of years towards democracy and socialism than the Labour Party has in the whole of its considerable existence.

ANDY BROOKS

Green Lane
Dagenham
Essex

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Freedom to Kill ?

Sir, The striking thing about what John Mortimer calls 'the great seat belts controversy' (NS 3 June) is the hopeless disparity of weight between the two sets of arguments. In favour of making the wearing of seat belts compulsory is the fact that it would save, at the most conservative estimate (the Department of Environment's) about 1,000 lives a year and no less than 11,000 *serious* injuries. This in turn would save the community at least £73m. a year (the DoE's figure again). The only argument against it is that it would add a limitation, as does every law, to the liberty of the subject. It is beside the point to claim that drivers should be free to kill themselves, because a lot of other people are also killed who would not have been killed if unbelted drivers had been belted, and had therefore remained in control of their vehicles after the first impact. So the freedom being fought for is the freedom of drivers to kill others. Avoidable carnage on this scale is an act of collective madness which we would all see clearly as such in any other context. By comparison, the interference with personal freedom which is involved in stopping it is utterly trivial.

BRYAN MAGEE

House of Commons

Sir, I hate the idea of a trade-off between speed of vehicles and death as much as Jeremy Bugler (NS 20 May), but if saving lives is his aim, I suggest he could bark up a much better tree. Consider the recent comments of the Magistrates' Association and of the Chief Constable of Bedfordshire about the endless petty offences prosecuted, and the probable million such offences committed every hour. The police suck in to their 'vacuum cleaner' large numbers of petty offenders in a random fashion, the great majority of whom have never caused injury or death and are never likely to, while maniacs like Johansen can cross most of Southern England either undetected or deliberately ignored. One is bound to ask if police effort is being misdirected. Some policemen have asked the same question, knowing as they do that alcohol is a factor in a very substantial proportion of deaths. Past records leave little doubt that a rigorous enforcement of more restrictive 'breathalyzing' laws would reduce deaths faster than anything else. Indeed, if police effort were properly directed, petty prosecutions could fall by half and deaths by one quarter within 12 months of a new law being introduced. The freeing of large numbers of police from ridiculously time-wasting activities and procedures would contribute to the detection and control of the real maniacs and to the enforcement of the new drinking law.

A. W. THOMAS

Cappoquin
Dunchurch Road
Rugby

American Prisons

Sir, I have nothing but praise and hope for the Western efforts to secure civil rights for individuals behind the Iron Curtain, the more so since these are now guaranteed by treaty. But as far as President Carter is concerned he has a more direct responsibility for the insane and incredible harassment to which American convicts and parolees are subject. Mr Roman Polanski has just refused to plead guilty to certain charges rather than stand trial for graver ones, of which I hope and trust he will be found innocent. It was this form of blackmail which put George Jackson in prison for life where he was later murdered by guards. The charge to which he agreed to plead guilty was a theft of £70 which the police wanted off their books, and the sentence of one year to life was extended indefinitely under the moronic governorship of cowboy actor Reagan, mainly because he hung onto his human dignity.

Every kind of hypocrisy, torture, evil and degradation is practised on American prisoners. Subhuman professors bribe them to take part in damaging medical 'research' often obsolete and incompetently carried out, to keep up their output of published rubbish. The basic assumption, which is a lie, is that prisoners have lost the rights of citizens under the Constitution. Not until 1975 was any compensation paid for a prisoner's death and then it took Melvin Belli to get it. What gets you into prison in the first place is as little as being on the street and being black. I don't expect improvements because it all holds together on the principle of give a dog a bad name; but there was the time in Florida when 1120 prisoners were released 'early' as it was agreed they should have been represented at their trial, and statistics showed they did better than a comparable group who served equivalent full sentences.

Bishops used to visit monasteries and speak to each person there in turn, from the lowest to the highest. I urge Carter to do this to the worst prisons in California, bearing in mind the citizenship and constitutional rights of the prisoners. Right now the prisons are a private empire run on public money, and even the accounting stinks.

BERNARD JONES

8e New Cavendish Street
London W1

A Nationalist International

Sir, I was glad to read your analysis by Neal Ascherson of the current national renaissance in the Basque country (NS 27 May). The ban by the Spanish authorities on addresses by speakers from other 'unrepresented' nations in Guernica is an ominous sign of the attitudes still prevalent in Madrid. It would appear likely that in the 15 June general election, Euskadi will vote heavily for a return to Basque autonomy. Not only is the Basque National Party clearly resurgent but most of the other main parties in the Basque country are committed to the restoration of autonomy. Indeed a formal 'compromise autonomy' has been agreed to by the main parties including the Basque nationalists as a plank in this election.

If, as appears likely, the pro-autonomy parties capture a majority in Euskadi the Basques will need every friend they have to ensure that Madrid accedes to their wishes. I hope that people of all parties in these islands will be willing to give this small and brave people all their support in the critical period which lies ahead.

DAFYDD WILLIAMS
General Secretary
Plaid Cymru

8 Heal y Frenhines
Cardiff

Annals of Opera

Sir, I am about to embark on the mammoth task of producing a supplementary volume to the famous Loewenberg's *Annals of Opera* 1597-1940. This will take in all important operas that received their premieres from 1940 to date, and will include an appendix which will augment information that already is in Loewenberg – i.e. it will give details of first local performances and important revivals that have taken place since 1940 of works already listed and will include titles that were omitted in the original volume of operas that have been rediscovered in the post-war period (e.g. *La Calista, L'Ormindo, Maria Stuarda,* etc.).

I would welcome any information that may be of use from anyone who thinks he can help.

HAROLD ROSENTHAL

Opera
6 Woodland Rise
London N10

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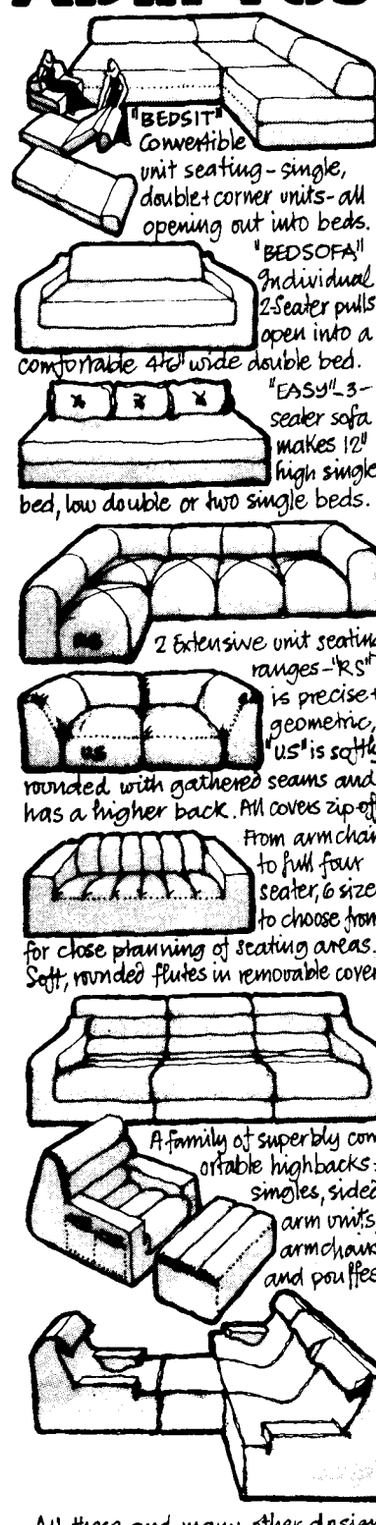
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Craig Raine

Will These Bones Live?

Eliot's Early Years by LYNDALL GORDON *Oxford* £4.95
Gerard Manley Hopkins by BERNARD BERGONZI *Macmillan* £7.95

'There must be great excitement here, sir,' says Mr Chillip, tapping his forehead, when he meets the famous author David Copperfield. It's a good diagnosis. Writing, the sedentary trade, is a quiet business seen from the outside, as these two biographies show. Apart from the rustle of sharpenings, the crumple of paper and the occasional burst of small-arms fire from the Olivetti, not a lot happens. The real events are underground, like the nuclear tests in Nevada, and posterity often sees only the desert exterior.

Hopkins and Eliot were shy, stiffish figures in public, as they both knew. In a letter to Bridges, Hopkins dryly itemises his unspectacular appearance: 'His hair (see enclosed sample, carriage paid) is lightish brown.' Eliot gaily ironised himself:

> How unpleasant to meet Mr Eliot!
> With his features of clerical cut,
> And his brow so grim
> And his mouth so prim
> And his conversation, so nicely
> Restricted to What Precisely
> And If and Perhaps and But.

The world agreed. Yeats recalled Hopkins as a 'querulous, sensitive scholar'. Virginia Woolf mocked, spicing a dinner invitation to her brother-in-law with the words: 'Eliot will be there in a four-piece suit.'

Physically, they were ailing – Eliot suffered from tachycardia and a congenital hernia; Hopkins underwent operations for piles and a troublesome prepuce. Psychologically, they inclined to depression, aggravated by the drudgery of their lives. Eliot's career went from post to pillar: teaching jobs, reviewing, editing, banking, before he took his position as the caryatid of Russell Square. As a Jesuit, Hopkins was liable to postings at short notice once he had joined the army of Christ. Birmingham, Roehampton, Stonyhurst, Roehampton again, St Bueno's in North Wales, Sheffield, Stonyhurst again, Farm Street, Oxford, Bedford Leigh, Liverpool, Glasgow, Roehampton again, Preston, Maryport, Stonyhurst again, and Dublin – one is reminded of Dick Diver's fate in *Tender is the Night*, where he dwindles to a pronoun dwarfed by an ever-increasing list of place names.

Bernard Bergonzi wisely accepts the virtual plotlessness of Hopkins's life and restricts himself to a scissors-and-paste job with the Journal and the letters, plus a short critical essay on the poetry. The result is quietly competent. There is more event, perhaps, but just as little plot in Eliot's life. He married unsuitably; he and his wife suffered from nervous disorders; he left her and became a religious convert; years later, she died in an asylum. This much is certain, but will these bones live? Lyndall Gordon thinks so and has fleshed out the life with gossip and memoirs, archive material and Eliot's published poetry. The result is a disaster.

Eliot's Early Years is a victim of the teleological fallacy. For Ms Gordon, the prime event in Eliot's life was his leap of faith, and everything before it is presented as a sprint up the religious cinder track. The denouement dictates the plot as if life were a novel. Faced, then, with the quatrain poems, which have nothing to do with the consuming search for salvation, Ms Gordon writes them off as a worldly digression instigated by Pound. Those which, like 'Mr Eliot's Sunday Morning Service', are patently anti-religious are read as attacks on the Church *qua* institution and a convenient 'reforming zeal' is interpolated.

Ms Gordon's procedure resembles not literary analysis but psychoanalysis. We are asked to see Eliot as a mother's boy, in the sense that her feeble religious poetry is said to lie behind his mature verse. Charlotte Eliot has only to write about the withering flowers of autumn for Ms Gordon to match it against 'April is the cruellest month'. October equals April: QED. Her approach to the poetry is equally psychoanalytical. Disturbing and difficult poems are popped on to a couch and told to say the first thing that comes into her mind. Of the eponymous hero of 'The Death of St Narcissus' she writes: 'He is not a realistic character and, of course, Eliot cannot be identified with him.' No one would disagree with that. Except, of course, Ms Gordon, who continues:

> But take away the caricature of twisted motives and excessive egotism, and the poem reveals the consuming issues of Eliot's life – his longing for metamorphosis, his vision and loss of vision, and the avidity of his religious emotions.

But if you take away the twisted motives and egotism from a poem about twisted motives and egotism, you are left with one word – Saint. Which is exactly wrong.

The matter is, however, complicated by Ms Gordon's diligent rummagings in the archives. She has seen a lot of unpublished material on which restrictions still obtain. Accordingly, she does not quote, but paraphrases. There are two reasons for discounting what she has to say about such manuscripts. First, she reads juvenilia with naïve trust, as if it were a reliable report on experience, instead of an inaccurate report on what Eliot had been reading. When Stephen Dedalus writes his poem, it is headed *E- C-*, because 'he had seen similar titles in the collected poems of Lord Byron'. As he composes,

> all those elements which he deemed common and insignificant fell out of the scene. There remained no trace of the tram itself nor of the trammen nor of the horses: nor did he and she appear vividly.

Joyce was a shrewder critic than Ms Gordon who, despite disclaimers, finds the mature Eliot in the early derivative Eliot.

Secondly, if we are to judge from her paraphrases of extant material, Ms Gordon is not only careless but dense. One reads *Eliot's Early Years* taken over by the spirit of Eliot. One's mouth gets prim. One starts asking 'What Precisely'. Thus, we read that Venus Anadyomene is a 'character' in *Mauberley*. She is, in fact, an image. We learn that the typist in *The Waste Land* has 'dirty camisoles' and that the canal is polluted. The text says that the camisoles are camisoles, *tout court*:

> On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
> Stockings, slippers, camisoles and stays.

One almost expects to be told the camisoles were bought at Sears and Roebuck. The canal is merely 'dull' in Eliot's version. Gerontion, we are informed, lives in a lodging house. In the poem, it is a 'rented house'. Grishkin is correctly described as a jaguar on two occasions, only to become a panther on a third. The fog in 'Prufrock' is said to 'curl in questions'. It doesn't. Elsewhere, we are told: 'The dowager "Mrs Phlaccus" and the Professor and Mrs "Channing-Cheetah", bewildered but at all costs correct, concentrate on lemon slices and bitten macaroons.' They don't. It is the narrator who notices them:

> Of dowager Mrs Phlaccus, and Professor and Mrs Cheetah
> I remember a slice of lemon, and a bitten macaroon.

Alas, there is more. 'By January 1909 he had already created the traditional counterpoise: a pale white woman, thin as a seamist, fragile as a moonflower, elusive as a snowy owl,' Ms Gordon writes of 'Song', an early poem in which there is only one simile – and that not mentioned in her paraphrase. Of Eliot's third 'Prelude', she has this to say:

> Eliot describes the rather improbable thoughts of a grimy woman in curl papers. She lies on her back in a poor suburb of Boston, staring at the ceiling, where she projects 'a thousand sordid images' from her miserable mind – images, Eliot insists, the common man would not understand.

Is it possible to get a poem so wrong? Boston is never mentioned. The woman does not project her *thoughts*. She is dozing and dreaming. Moreover, it is not these thousand sordid images that the 'street' (not the comman man) can hardly understand, but the woman's vision of the street.

> You say I am repeating
> Something I have said before. I shall say it again.
> Shall I say it again?

I don't think that will be necessary, though it would be easy enough. It is a pity that Ms Gordon should have gone to such lengths in archival research, finally to fall so short.

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Alan Ryan

The Ways of God

The Hutchinson History of the World by J. M. ROBERTS *Hutchinson* £9.95

It is not mere cowardice that prompts the thought that the only proper reviewer for the author of this work would be the Author of the Work he chronicles – true though it is that Three Persons, reliably said to be omniscient, would be in a stronger position than one layperson to dispute both points of scholarship and issues of interpretation with Dr Roberts. It is rather that even in an utterly secular age, a world history still amounts to a theodicy, a justification of the ways of providence to man – or the reverse, the arraigning of providence for constructing such an atrociously botched universe and peopling it with such anti-social creatures as men have turned out to be. Indeed, it was only when the simpler and more literal versions of the Christian historical myth ceased to carry much conviction that writers such as Rousseau, Kant and Hegel began to ask whether there was a meaning or a purpose to the history of the human species – whether civilisation was a *cul de sac* where immense expenditure of emotional and intellectual effort merely failed to compensate for the harmony which had been lost when pastoralists and hunters had settled on the land (and had invented private property and class divisions along with agriculture), or whether social conflict, international insecurity, and individual unhappiness were all instruments of the 'cunning of reason', which would eventually drive us into the achievement of political justice, or the freedom of the rational state or, in another transformation, the classless society.

John Roberts eschews the dramatic and the prophetic in favour of the view that

> only two general truths emerge from the study of history. One is that things tend to change much more, and much more quickly, than one might think. The other is that they tend to change much less, and much more slowly, than one might think.

The moral is that historians should not set up as clairvoyants or, even, as political soothsayers. This reticence is not just temperamental. One of the most striking differences between the modern conception of the historian's findings and that of all periods prior to the French Revolution is that we expect him to demonstrate how differently from ourselves the Chinese or any other remote people have always thought and acted – we are not terribly surprised that George III's ambassador to the Chinese court was assumed by his hosts to have come to pay tribute to the Emperor, nor that his King was thanked for the loyalty shown in the past and encouraged to keep up the same standards of decorum in future. But the standing assumption from Thucydides to Montesquieu was that a knowledge of the history of mankind was the central element in a political education, precisely because men were much the same at all times and places, and therefore could be expected to behave in much the same fashion when they were placed -- as they always would be – in the same sort of situations as those they had experienced in the past.

Dr Roberts justifies his choice of emphasis – what his critics will doubtless regard as crimes of both commission and omission – along persuasive lines. In essence, he suggests that world history has only been *world* history during the centuries of the European domination of the rest of the globe. We are now the inhabitants of one earth in a way we have not been before. This must, of course, lend a certain Eurocentric bias to the story, but the whole idea that humanity, uniquely among the animals, has the capacity to change itself and its environment in a cumulative, non-repetitive fashion is a European discovery. Without some such view, no notion of progress makes much sense and, as Dr Roberts himself suggests, the European domination of the rest of the world would have been psychologically a lot more difficult without an ideology of progress. In the eyes of the historian not all peoples are equal – certainly not all peoples are equally interesting -- and John Roberts is as insistent as Hegel and Marx that such people as the inhabitants of sub-Saharan Africa could not be 'world historical peoples' until they were willy-nilly conscripted for the drama by white imperialism. He calls upon Voltaire to defend him when he expresses extreme uninterest in whether 'one king replaces another on the banks of the Oxus or Jakartes'; Voltaire or no, one can hardly complain that a history addressed to the general reader of 1977 should leave itself plenty of room to discuss the heyday of imperialism, the Russian and Chinese revolutions, the rise and fall of the Fascist dictatorships, two world wars and our own postwar and contemporary anxieties and uncertainties. And, although he disavows any aspirations to an encyclopaedic treatment, Dr Roberts at any rate concedes enough to Voltaire's opponents to take us through 2,000 years of Indian history in a dozen undesperate pages.

There are, obviously, those for whom most of this will not do. It is too empiricist in temper to satisfy not merely the Marxist historian, but probably the sociological heirs of Weber too. The cast of mind of a society is given a good deal of weight in explaining what happened to it, without any very strenuous attempt to reduce what Dr Roberts calls 'mentality' to conflicts of economic interest, or the demands of the division of labour. And the extremest defenders either of the view that historians should, or rather should not, stand in judgment on the past will find things to complain of. Dr Roberts is unembarrassed about describing the civilisation of the Aztecs as 'harsh, brutal and unattractive', and he is almost as unenthusiastic about the preoccupation with death which characterised the religion of ancient Egypt; but he does not try to represent Western capitalism as wickedness incarnate, and spends less time pointing to the obvious wickedness of Hitler than to the unobvious causes for his rise and fall.

For the general reader for whom this is intended, it is splendid. It is written in the plainest and most lucid fashion, and descends neither to mere flatness nor to attention-grabbing headline writing. The accompanying photographs are mostly well up to the standard of the text, although among other eccentric pieces of caption-writing there is one which says that a scrap of Indian manuscript depicts the *conquistadores* using the Indians for labour and service, while the picture appears to show the Indians being blown to pieces by Spanish cannon, and being clubbed into Christianity by Spanish priests; and several little illustrations which allegedly show 'very clearly' such things as the nature of medieval shipbuilding leave at least one reader cold. One way and another, the Author of this Work ought to be grateful for the engrossing account Dr Roberts has given of its progress to date – though I daresay He might have liked a more emphatic expression of confidence in its future than we are here offered.

Philip Larkin

Shelving the Issue

Books for the People: An Illustrated History of the British Public Library by THOMAS and EDITH KELLY *Deutsch* £15

The existence of public libraries was kept from me as long as possible (the knowledge would, it was thought, interfere with my studies), but when the secret broke at last I rapidly became what in those days was an especially irritating kind of borrower, who brought back in the evening the books he had borrowed in the morning and read in the afternoon. This was the old Coventry Central Library, nestling at the foot of the unbombed Cathedral, filled with tall antiquated bookcases loaded with rows of drab quarter-leather library bindings (blind-stamped 'Coventry City Libraries' after the fashion of the time), with my ex-schoolfellow Ginger Thompson (now Guildhall's Librarian) at the counter to stamp the books you chose, and the Golden Cross nearby where (in sixth-form days at

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least) they could be examined at leisure.

Such was my first experience of the addictive excitement a large open-access public library generates: the sense of imminent discovery, the impulse to start on 20 books at once, the decades-old marginal addenda ('Surely the problem of free will . . .'), not to mention their several atmospheres: the silence of wet artisan-haunted winter nights, the holiday-fattened shelves of summer afternoons. Is it a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon addiction? D. H. Lawrence, years after going to Eastwood Mechanics' Institute every Thursday night to choose books for the whole family, was writing of Australia:

> Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays were the library nights. When you had crossed the iron footbridge over the railway, you came to a big wooden building with a corrugated-iron roof . . .

Old habits die hard: his alter ego, Richard Lovat Somers, went off with 'a Mary E. Mann and a George A. Birmingham'.

England, at any rate, still leads the world in public library provision, and this year marks the centenary of the foundation of the Library Association. The present volume may be published in consequence of this: it is hard, really, to think of any other reason. Professor Kelly's *History of Public Libraries in Great Britain, 1845-1965* (1973) tells the tale at greater length, with fuller detail and some of the same illustrations; as far as I know it is still in print at much the same price. Unless one postulates a hostess who would use it for her coffee-table, the intended function of this new version seems obscure. However, Professor Kelly (I am assuming the text to be chiefly his) tells the tale of successive Acts and Reports expertly enough: the urban centres, the county system, the major impulse towards larger authorities brought about by the Local Government Act of 1972, and now the Dainton Report (1969) and the British Library Act (1972) which have

> created for the first time a comprehensive and rationally organised system of reference and lending libraries at the national level, serving as libraries of last resort not only for the public library system . . . but also for the libraries of all kinds of other organisations which have in the past participated in regional and national cooperative schemes.

It is in many respects a noble story, and is here diversified with copious illustrations from a wealth of sources – *Punch* cartoons to the currently-fashionable archaic photograph that in fact constitutes the book's chief appeal. I particularly liked 'Staff of York City Library, 1895' (even the youngest wears a watch-chain), and on the same page 'Miss Kate Lewtas, Librarian of Blackpool 1891-1902' looks out at us with an eerily immediate beauty.

One doesn't expect controversy in a work of this format, but since Professor Kelly makes the point that 'the old notion of the public library as mainly a working-class institution is now quite dead' the opportunity might have been taken to inquire whether today people should use public libraries for nothing any more than they should use public baths for nothing. 'The free library principle is still sacred,' intones Professor Kelly at the conclusion of his other book. But is it? Anyone counting the recently-registered family saloons outside public libraries on Saturday mornings will be more inclined to judge it completely anachronistic.

This relates, of course, to Professor Kelly's other great omission, the campaign for payments to authors under a Public Lending Right, and supplies the answer to the question of how such payments are to be funded. It is difficult for an author not to regard the whole public library system as based on the exploitation of author and publisher alike, and to find this as shocking as the revelation would be that the Church of England was financed from red-light rents. Although the view is not unanimously accepted (what do the Performing Rights people say, incidentally, about libraries lending gramophone records?), it deserves stating in this context: Professor Kelly's failure to do so unavoidably confers on his book a faint yet pervasive obsolescence.

C. H. Rolph

Judge Jekyll

Lord Goddard by FENTON BRESLER *Harrap* £7.95

Mr Fenton Bresler might make a good job of rehabilitating Judge Jeffreys, particularly if he wrote mainly of the things that Jeffreys failed to do in his short, historically nasty but probably misreported life (he was Lord Chief Justice at 35 and died at 41). Lord Goddard at 93, the last time I saw him, was slumped asleep in a chair next to Henry Cecil, who was delivering the 1970 Hamlyn Lecture at Gray's Inn. But I doubt if anyone saw him asleep on the Bench: he always seemed to me sharply aware of everything going on in court, so that if you wanted to nip out to the loo you wondered, for an agonised preparatory period, whether he might call you back, loudly demand an explanation, and then want to know why you didn't attend to that before the court assembled, as anyone would have done in the old days.

This is a lively biography, as opinionated as its hero, full of well-told stories showing Goddard as the only man in step, and in my view very unfairly treated so far by the critics – probably because Goddard was always judged not so much by what he did as by the noises he made and the faces he pulled. A man who has practised at the criminal bar – and Goddard, as the book rightly says, had a more extensive early experience of that, to say nothing of three Recorderships, than his critics want to recognise – such a man must have a Jekyll-and-Hyde make-up by the time he becomes a High Court judge. Goddard enjoyed letting the Hyde glare through pretty often, but there was a gentler and more hesitant Jekyll inside. This book recalls, as it should, a few of the Jekyll occasions, and many habitués of the criminal courts could add to them. I knew a man with a bad criminal record who, in the days (before 1948) when 'habitual criminals' were sent to 'preventive detention', came before Goddard on an indictment for burglary and being a habitual criminal. Having found him guilty as a burglar, the jury then had to try him a second time as a habitual criminal, that is to say they had to be satisfied by the prosecution that he had three serious convictions since the age of 16 and had settled down to a life of dishonesty. They found him guilty of this too, which meant that whatever he got for the burglary – and it was likely to be at least three years – he would get a further five or ten in preventive detention. His solicitor had been manoeuvring for weeks to get him in front of anyone rather than Goddard, and had failed. Goddard looked up from the man's papers and said suddenly, 'But this chap's never had a dog's chance', glaring round the court to see if any idiot wanted to disagree. And to everyone's utter astonishment he put the man on probation.

I do not see how any two men could agree for long about Rayner Goddard (Mr Bresler calls him 'Rayner' most of the time, like someone who has proceeded beyond a nodding acquaintance with God; but it's preferable to the name by which the lower orders knew him at the Old Bailey, unprintable even in these carefree times). And Mr Bresler refutes even some of his own assertions about him. For example:

> He eschewed any of the flamboyance of the more flowery advocates of those days – Marshall Hall, Pat Hastings, Birkett and the rest. He was not of that mould.

Then see if you can read, without something to settle the stomach, the repertory sob-stuff in Goddard's 'passionate' speech at Devizes for the defence of Mrs Haskell on a murder charge in 1909. He seems to have done everything but kneel down and wring out his handkerchief. Every lawyer hell-bent for a judgeship must sooner or later slough off this kind of thing like a gaudy skin. In the Court of Criminal Appeal, Lord Chief Justice Goddard once told a very white-wigged counsel, 'Don't harangue me like that, man, I'm not a jury', and I remember thinking it showed what he truly thought of juries, whatever he said about them publicly.

'Lord Goddard was the first non-political Lord Chief Justice of recent times,' Lord Parker told the author (who presents Goddard as non-political). 'So was I,' Lord Parker added, 'and so was my successor.' How on earth could they all have been first? Or, if that's being pernickety, how can Mr Bresler say that a man who contests a parliamentary seat is being non-political (even if he was so adjudged by Lord Jowitt, the multi-political Lord Chancellor who made him Lord Chief)? What no other Lord Chief Justice has done 'in recent times' is to splash about so ponderously in the political shallows made available to him by his surely anomalous seat in the House of Lords. If you talked to foreign law students during the years when Goddard was loudly demanding the restoration of the gallows and the birch, and tried to dispel their perplexity (as well as your own) about

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the fabled independence of Parliament from the judiciary and *vice versa*, all you could do w[illegible] that we were English. It is fair to add that this book acknowledges Goddard to have been 'a reactionary of such committed views that it would be idle to seek to defend them today', and that Mr Bresler dissociates himself from a number of them; but it is also fair to say that Goddard assisted a number of desirable law reforms.

The potted versions of old trials and *causes célèbres* inevitable in such a book include the Craig-Bentley murder and the Laski libel action; and though both are in my opinion extremely well done, Lord Goddard emerges from both as the wrong kind of judge for the job. I've always believed, however, that Professor Laski would have won if there hadn't been a jury, and the book convinces me that Goddard, if sitting alone, would have given him the verdict, reluctantly or not. Rather harder to take is Mr Bresler's air of knowing better than anyone else what really happened in the Craig-Bentley case, and his contempt for the campaign by which Lord Gardiner, Mr Louis Blom-Cooper and others sought to get an inquiry set up. I do not share, as a shorthand-writer of some experience, Mr Bresler's total confidence in the infallibility of court shorthand-writers: it all depends on how good they are and on the amount of mumbling they so miraculously commit to paper. They sometimes get it wrong.

Lord Goddard was not merely a colourful character, he went on being colourful for a very long time; and bits and pieces of his colourful life will go on coming out for a very long time. Of one thing I feel certain: he was a far better lawyer than most of his critics would ever allow, though his allegiance was to the Common Law and he both mistrusted and sometimes misinterpreted the statutes – as when he angrily said that juvenile court proceedings (of which he thoroughly disapproved) were conducted *in camera* and ought to be open to the press. I have seen it astonishingly suggested that this book should not have been written at all, on the ground that there were already two books about Goddard and that this one 'does little or nothing for his image'. I'm not sure what it does for his image that he had not already done himself, but it's a thoroughly enjoyable book and will be read by everyone interested in the law, the courts, and the devil. It leaves out only one of the good stories I know about Goddard, and I earnestly hope this doesn't mean that Mr Bresler has found it to be untrue: it fits so nicely into the picture that he wants to retain for himself and wants to communicate to us. Goddard was at Winchester on circuit, and emerged from his hotel very late one night for an after-supper stroll. Wearing a long shapeless coat, a big muffler and a cloth cap pulled well down, he may have looked like the kitchen porter on his way home. The policeman outside jerked his head towards the judge's bedroom window. 'Has the old bugger gone to bed yet?' he asked. Making no reply, his Lordship shuffled off into the darkness. Soon after his return he opened his first floor window in his pyjamas and called down to the policeman. 'The old bugger is just getting in,' he said.

Julian Symons

Are You Hit?

The Red Soldier: Letters from the Zulu War 1879 by FRANK EMERY *Hodder* £6.25

Prophetic observations attributed to Zulu kings about the fate of their country are far from rare. The great Shaka, just before death, is supposed to have said that he heard the sound of the feet of a great white people who would tread his land flat, and many years later the unlucky Cetshwayo who was the victim of the treading observed: 'First comes the trader, then the missionary, then the red soldier.' In 1879 the red soldier came, was at first defeated but in the end conquered. Cetshwayo fled, was captured, taken to Britain, given lunch by Queen Victoria, restored, overthrown, and ended his life as a British puppet.

The political dimension of all this has been written about a good deal already, most notably in Donald R. Morris's masterly history of the Zulu nation, *The Washing of the Spears*, and it is not really Mr Emery's concern. Nor does he discuss in any detail the military operations of the egregious Lord Chelmsford. Instead he has quarried letters written by soldiers who fought in the war from many sources, primarily from the marvellous local-newspaper collection available at Colindale, and made a book from them with a connecting thread of narrative. The result does not tell us anything particularly new about the war, but most of the letters were written by other ranks, and as Mr Emery claims, they do say something about the eloquence and literacy of the ordinary Victorian soldier. Here is Private Hitch at Rorke's Drift:

> The sun was just beginning to set at the time the Zulus came close up to the front, and after they had taken the hospital and was burning it Lieutenant Bromhead and three privates, with Colour-Sergeant Bourne, kept the position in the right front, in order to keep the enemy from getting a line of fire at the men of the 24th, who were firing to the front from behind a pile of biscuit-boxes. . . . About a quarter to seven I was shot from the left, the ball striking me under the right shoulder blade, and came out through the shoulder. I knew at the time that the ball passed right through me. I fell down, and Mr Bromhead said, 'Mate, are you hit?'

Bromhead, it may be remembered, was Michael Caine in the film *Zulu*, which in relation to the attack on the mission station and hospital was remarkably faithful to the reality of the fighting as described by Corporal Lyons, Private Waters and the parti-

Peter Porter

Keyboard Suite

(1) *Brahms: Intermezzo in E Flat, Op. 117 No. 1.*

The heart is a minor artist
hiding behind a beard.
In middle age
the bloodstream becomes a hammock
slowing down for silence –
till then, this lullaby,
arpeggiated thunder
and the streams running
through Arcadia. I, too,
said the black-browed creature,
am in this vale of sweetness,
my notes are added to eternity.

(2) *Beethoven: Bagatelle in B Minor, Op. 126 No.4*

Working yourself off under the shower
in the China Sea among fantails
of the higher wisdom, runes of electric
fountains moving fast towards
the brain's appointments – I mean, Man,
there are a thousand ways out of
this presto and into the sun,
watching algae flower in a pail
of pump water, wearing God for luck
among the groves of avocadoes,
with all the graduates praising Snyder
and a big tree lopped for Zen.
But inside the apple another apple,
this time golden as if Atalanta
had bared her teeth for it. There
at last the grub is at home. Who
should it be but you, little soul,
beautifully yourself, and so – da capo?

(3) *Bach: Prelude in F Minor, BWV 881*

Not this world,
this leaning,
complying
with misery,
not this sugared angle on eternity,
a progress from birth to death
and onwards to the green forever,
but pressure
piled upwards,
eternal
weight held here,
and so we die in linear due course,
having lived vertically through love
and a few accurate approximations.

(4) *Scarlatti: Sonata in A Major, L238*

When I see her hand on an envelope
my own hand shakes. While I am explaining
the ritual to my heart, she is writing
to the stars. As plain rules add to richness,
our rare arrival covers manuscripts.
These are clothes to wear before our father.

I stare at my own hand and at the marks
it makes on paper. Untrained fingers
shape the cursive style of love. Her hands
are fitting out the gods as well as
writing letters. Fewer notes than usual
from the harpsichord, each one a sun –
her voice will speak of love
but her hands must prove it in the world.

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cularly heroic Private Henry Hook, as well as by Hitch. Bromhead, Hitch and Hook were among the eleven awarded the VC.

There was no regimental censorship during the Zulu War, but I have the impression that a good many letters have been tidied up, although Mr Emery thinks otherwise. Certainly they have been cast into a conventional mould of spelling and punctuation, and my guess is that awkward or what would at the time have been thought irrelevant comments were excised. As a result they have a rather impersonal flavour. There is remarkably little criticism of Chelmsford's ineptness, and a minimum of grumbling, although Corporal Brown complains about a Christmas dinner that was 'not fit for a dog to eat . . . it was bullocks that had died on the side of the road and were then cut up for us'. The ritual disembowelling practised by the Zulus caused indignation. 'It was a pity to see about 800 white men lying on the field cut up to pieces and stripped naked,' wrote a Welsh private describing the massacre at Isandhlwana. 'Even the little boys that we had in the band, they were hung up on hooks and opened like sheep.' When the troops got the upper hand later on they used it ruthlessly, killing wounded Zulus. A poignant note is touched by another Welsh private, Joseph Morgan: 'Unless we have more troops sent out soon I think all the men will be killed. I hope you won't vex for me, because it was my own fault that I came out.'

More troops were sent, but before they moved into action the decisive victory had been won at Ulundi. From the letters we get glimpses of the Zulus' remarkable tactical skills (given the kind of battles they fought) and their surprising ability to use the weapons they captured, and confirmation of the value of the Martini-Henry rifle. ('The rifles being Martini-Henrys, our firing was very quick, and, when struck by the bullets, the niggers would give a spring in the air and fall flat down.') Few Gatlings jammed, or if they did the fact was unnoted. The close relationship between officers and men in the field is emphasised. Redvers Buller, who commanded a wild band of mounted volunteers, would stalk through the lines in early morning wearing shirt sleeves, riding breeches without leggings, slippers, and a red scarf which served as a nightcap. The men were held in check, Mr Emery observes, only by the force of his personality. It is a pity that there are no letters here from any of these tough semi-mercenaries. They would have added some more powerful unconventional taste – champagne laced with pernod, say – to the decent bitter beer of these letters.

Among this week's contributors:

A selection of CRAIG RAINE's poetry is to be published later this year by Faber in their *Poetry Introduction IV*. His first full-length volume, *The Onion, Memory*, is due from Oxford in May 1978.

TOM PAULIN's first book of poems, *A State of Justice* (Faber), came out this year.

PHILIP LARKIN has worked as a librarian since 1943. He was elected an Associate of the Library Association in 1949.

Tom Paulin

Hush, Memory

Thomas Hardy: Art and Thought by F. B. PINION *Macmillan* £7.95

In some of his best poems, Hardy presents himself enslaved in a mnemonic nightmare in which his entire past is endlessly re-enacting itself: his dilemma is that of a man who can forget absolutely nothing. It's in reflecting upon this extraordinary power, and in trying to transcend its reflex actions, that Hardy frees himself from the oppressed persona he so often presents – that of a man obsessed by the dead and by his recollections of the people he discarded. In 'Wessex Heights', for example, he describes this condition as being bound by 'mind-chains' which make him the phantasmal embodiment of total recall, someone who is forever being hunted across a too-familiar landscape by an infinite series of spectral detectives.

The landscapes dissolve, faces bloom and wither in an instant, and the very images he uses turn ashen and friable: someone is remembered in a 'crumbling' cottage or a 'ravaged aisle'; and a dream-girl is seen in a 'tomb of tomes' – a phrase which draws on more than personal reflection. She is both a real woman (perhaps his first wife) and a bookish fantasy (any of the visionary women in Shelley's poetry). He is, characteristically, being savagely critical of an attitude to women whose range is cultural rather than exclusively personal. In developing this criticism he read Shelley's poetry deeply and explored its philosophical basis in Shelley's reading of Berkeley and Hume. Subjective idealism became, for Hardy, a shimmer of untouchable maidens playing the piano in Victorian drawing-rooms.

It's with Hardy's reading of literature and philosophy, and with the way it shaped his work, that F. B. Pinion's random collection of essays is concerned. And if it's scarcely true that 'Hardy's imagination was nourished largely by literature', he did bring to his writing all kinds of memories of the books he had read. His first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, appears to owe something to the oddly-assorted influences of the *Aeneid* and an obscure novel by Wilkie Collins called *Basil*.

The problem is that while our appreciation of Hardy's imaginative intelligence is helped by knowing about his use of the *Aeneid*, discussion of his debt to Wilkie Collins merely resurrects a literary memory that ought to have stayed buried. However, when Pinion examines the best scene in Hardy's uneven novel, he demonstrates the potential of this allusive approach: Cytherea Gray gazes at a hazy autumnal landscape and sees 'the fragment of a hedge – all that remained of a "wet old garden" – standing in the middle of a mead, without a definite beginning or ending, purposeless and valueless'. As Pinion shows, reminiscences of the morbid garden in Shelley's 'The Sensitive Plant' and of the only good line in Swinburne's 'Ilicet' – 'deep wet ways by grey old gardens' – helped Hardy shape his strangely resonant scene. Lines from Gray and Keats, memories of Turner's paintings, were used to create a landscape of erotic terror and despair.

But it's one thing to insist that the 'purple haze' in Hardy's scene is based on Gray's 'purple light of love', and another to apply this to the *imaginative* use he makes of a remembered phrase – as Donald Davie does in a classic essay on 'Beeny Cliff' which Pinion obliquely and foolishly dismisses on the grounds that Hardy 'was simply reflecting the colours he had seen'. The same is true of his discussion of *Tess*, where he fails to recognize how Angel Clare embodies a powerful criticism of the way in which Victorian society domesticated Shelleyan love and made it bourgeois and respectable. Alec D'Urberville, Clare's demonic alter ego, is the dark side of a whole culture's sexual idealism, and it's this tyrannical chauvinism which obsessed Hardy most.

If *Art and Thought* makes a scholarly, but hopelessly uncritical, supplement to Pinion's earlier and valuable *A Hardy Companion*, it lacks a developing argument or any sustained sense of why Hardy brought a complex blend of literary and personal reminiscence to his fictions. Rather, its formless patchwork of information tends to imply that his entire work is the function of memory, and that a tomb of tomes and the exact typography of Wessex are all we need to understand that brooding, sophisticated imagination no painstaking gathering of facts can ever 'measure'.

David Leitch

High-Low

Total Poker by DAVID SPANIER *Secker & Warburg* £3.90

Not long ago one 'Puggy' Pearson, a native of Kentucky now domiciled in Las Vegas, scooped the world poker championship and a bracing pot of 130,000 dollars with a hand in which he held, wait for it, ace high. Puggy's coup, thrillingly described in chapter four of this admirable book, underlines an axiom appearing on page one, where it belongs: 'There is really no such thing as a good hand at poker, only good situations.'

Exactly so. Puggy was playing a Texas variation (*hold 'em*) where winning hands are often modest. But Spanier's Law, as it might be called, works both ways as inexorably as a low straight to the ace in a Saturday night game of seven-card high-low. Despite some two decades peering across the green baize grunting 'shut up and deal', the author, for instance, recalls only one occasion playing ordinary draw when the gambling gods came up with the ultimate goods, a straight flush.

And did he end the evening with the deeds to someone's plantation? I am happy to report that the other punters all folded and he won no more than their antes (six

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two-bobs, perhaps, if it was one of those undergraduate apprentice games he attended). His explanation is that they all folded because they held nothing. I would rather believe that he signalled his good fortune in some way, gagging on a Corona, or turning a yet lighter shade of gambler's pale.

It follows that books considering the 'game', if that's the word, from a strictly technical point of view, are only of limited interest. Anecdote, autobiography and, ultimately, myth are the essential components, and scientific treatises, such as Messrs Von Neumann and Morganstern's 'seminal paper', cited by the author with some loftiness, only tell you what you might have learned sitting round a kitchen table.

Or, more amusingly, at the En Passant club, an establishment in the Strand which, Windmill-like, never closed (except once and for all) and now receives due historical recognition. The action was continuous and though the stakes were modest they fulfilled the first rule of any serious game – they were high enough for the losers to feel real pain. So much so that a house convention provided 'GHM' (going-home money) for citizens who were wiped out, and many a superannuated hooker or burglar down on his luck would totter into the dawn with the tube fair to Balham.

In this setting of unredeemed squalor the author, often on his way to Printing House Square from the Metropole Hotel in Brussels, then his regular manor, brought a touch of class. He was often known to lose in those days, despite the flash front of astrakhan lapels and Pucci ties, and since like all proper gamblers he would play anywhere, a day that began in the En Passant might well conclude (via Crockford's) in Eric Steiner's more rarefied establishment, The Pair of Shoes.

The impeccable Steiner would spin a coin with anyone for 50,000 dollars at a time when London was, as they said, swinging, and little-known actors like Woody Allen ('Mr Tight'), Charlie Bronson (a blustering table-hammerer) and Telly Savalas (a brooder) hung around The Shoes, Rupert Frank's effervescent private game in Prince's Gate, and any other sources of 'action'. Since the author's recollections lean more heavily on his successful nights than the bummers (who wants a poker book by a certified loser?), he understandably omits to recount how Steiner, holding deuces paired, induced him to fold three beautiful tens.

All this, however, provided a sound base for postgraduate studies carried out in the National Press Club in Washington and in a vicious-sounding game frequented by such Pentagon luminaries as General David Shoup, commandant of the Marine Corps. Here began the research into 'Presidential Poker', which provides a fine chapter. George Washington, we learn, played 'post and pair', a forerunner of poker, with limited success during the Revolutionary War.

And Nixon? During his Pacific war service he won six thousand dollars. But 'the biggest bluff he ever ran' was called by the Congress, the author concludes, through neglect of first principles. 'Never stay in the pot unless you have everyone beaten before the draw. Never raise unless convinced you have the best hand.'

Valentine Cunningham

Black Pudding

Peter Smart's Confessions by PAUL BAILEY *Cape* £3.95

Beautiful Days by FRANZ INNERHOFER translated by Anselm Hollo *Pluto/Urizen* £5.70 and £2.70

Orsinian Tales by URSULA LE GUIN *Gollancz* £3.75

'Oh didn't he ramble,' they used to sing en route to New Orleans cemeteries. And rambling is altogether a licensed mode for fictional rememberers near or at death's door. 'God knows,' Paul Bailey's Peter Smart says proudly, buckling down to his autobiographical jottings after a failed dab at suicide, 'where and how they will end.' So the Almighty really set his canon 'gainst self-slaughter to give Hamlet a chance at the memoirs? *Hamlet* by Hamlet! Oddly, the claim is never actually made by our hero (wake up there, Bailey!). Oddly, because the particular shades of the prison-house that closed about him as a growing lad were – he discovered, perusing his mother's medical employer's Shakespoke (her title) – Danish-tinted ones.

To be sure, Dr F. Leonard Cottie, whose *With Stethoscope and Scalpel* was the book that 'stopped a thousand doors', and who helped young Smart to the kind of 'stoatish' practices he pleasures Mrs Smart with, seems an unlikely Claudius. But the mother makes a very believable husband-eliminator (her flailing scythes of talk certainly cut her old man's sentences down). She's Gertrude to the life, or death, all right: an iron discourager of youth. 'What?', the boy might inquire. 'He invented steam,' she'd retort heavily. 'Why?' ('that's the twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet'). 'When?' ('a wen's a nasty swelling').

A rhetorical sledge-hammer, compellingly grisly, she so preoccupies her offspring's memories – so occupies the novel – that she quite overshadows the other technicolored nasties life has in store for young Smart. Early on there's a layer-out granny ('He's messed his bum, Gran'; 'Everyone makes a motion at the last'), then there are thespian years spent consorting with the likes of petulant Neville and revolutionary producers and being got at by the theatrical landladies ('the indoor toilet should gratify only liquid needs'), and heard-it-all-before tax inspectors. Delightful lip-unbuttoners they are too, but they're outworded every time by Gertrude. Much less happily ousted, however, by the rhetorical gloss that makes grotesque comedians of them all, are the moments beyond all this ramble: inside the cemetery gates, you might say, like when Peter discovers a hanging German POW and later screws one of Neville's German pick-ups, the dead man's double. Then black comedy finds itself floored (and flawed) by blackness beyond a joke.

Even in its American translation (lots of *grits, in back, snuck*-ing and the verb *to spell* in un-English senses: all ugh, ugh, to cis-Atlantic ears) the equally rumbling *Beautiful Days* makes a rhetorical tour de force of a rather different kind. Franz Innerhofer's theme is also the put-upon child, but there's no funny side to young Holl's life. It's adult authors, of course, not the childish victims, who insert laughter into their child's-eye-view narratives. Some author's childhood experiences, though, were evidently too grim even for later comic transmuting. Dickens's weren't; Charlotte Brontë's were. So were Franz Innerhofer's (for Holl's unremittingly awful experiences are, we are told, his author's own).

An illegitimate baby, a burden to his mother and stepfather, Holl is installed at the age of six, a welfare case, in his father's farm, and there submerged in a hell of labouring oppression. Cuffed and beaten and tyrannised, pressed into toil before, during and after school-hours, he's brutalised into the physical tiredness and mental dullness all the farm's servants endure. The Priest, the Farmer, the Farmer's Wife, the Schoolteacher all conspire senselessly to dehumanise their victim, to accustom him to a world of casual sex and systematic, hierarchical violence where 12-year-old orphans are made pregnant and beaten bloody with fence-posts by jealous lovers, and higher servants make inferiors suffer the torments they once suffered.

The novel's language releases a flood of hard-edged images in a rightly hostile polemic. Here, in a set of moving panoramas, given in a clotted prose frequently reminiscent of Carlyle, is a de-glamourising of the bourgeois work-ethic novel, a radicalising of the 'new' Robbe-Grillet-esque materialism. Disgust and horror inform the leit-motifs: shit, animal and human, covers everything and everyone; the slaughtering of beasts is frequently described. No wonder Holl is driven to dwell on the Massacre of the Innocents, on a bloodbath God. Eventually, it's a relief from this 'onslaught of impressions' when unions start to appear, serfs begin to refuse, and a bold housemaid smashes crockery to demonstrate to the screaming farmer's wife that she cares more for violence done to things than to people. And Holl emerges into human contact, a freely entered-into job, and the beginnings of mental light. Gropingly, he'd resisted the farmer's techniques and jargon of enslavement. The rhetoric of oppression is routed, too, by the rhetoric of this fiction – stunning, aweing, visceral.

After Innerhofer's blazing passions few styles would manage to seem much more than tame, and Ursula Le Guin's pitch and tone are in any case content with restraint. Stylistic restraint is, of course, one way of granting the abnormal a foothold in ordinariness (a trick that comes in handy in her more usual science fiction). And even these non-sci-fics do need that anchoring, for their realism – and many of them seem to be built about the mid-Fifties Hungarian trauma – is often too raffishly, too louchely imagined. And in the end, the Esperanto-speak names, the defamiliarised settings, the cerebral contrivedness of it all work too busily against the stories' would-be humane themes of love, freedom, and fidelity in the hostile world of anti-contingent politics.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Paul Bailey

Death Comes to Broadway

Two exceptional women are brightening up the New York theatre this season: the Norwegian actress, Liv Ullmann, and the very American Lily Tomlin. The former is gracing an otherwise tawdry revival of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie* at the Imperial; the latter is appearing nightly at the Biltmore in a solo performance of her own material entitled, appropriately, *Appearing Nitely*. They have nothing in common except luminous talent.

Anna Christie won the Pulitzer Prize in 1922, when it struck many of the critics as the product of a profound dramatic imagination. It has barely survived into the 1970s. It tells the highly moral story of a young prostitute who finds True Love in the brawny arms of an ape-like sailor, Mat Burke, who hails from the Emerald Isle and says things like 'Sure an' all' to prove it – she makes a new man of him, and becomes a new woman in the process. The young O'Neill decorated this Peg's Paper allegory with any number of Strindbergian trimmings – the play is full of dark mutterings about 'dat ole davil sea' and other fateful matters. It is written in what the playwright tried to pass off as Scandinavian American: everyone except Mat, who is allowed an occasional burst of English, has a vay vith vords. As the drama drags on, one comes to vish they hadn't. Nothing much happens, though a lot is said that amounts to little. Anna is as unconvincing a tart as her father Chris (Robert Donley) is a seaman – they are both too busy philosophising to be capable of providing a useful service. They are mouthpieces for O'Neill's 'theories', nothing more.

Like all great interpretative artists, Liv Ullmann has a gift for transforming the banal into something magical. She seems to be taking part in a far better play than the one she is actually in. Whenever she leaves the stage, we are confronted once again with the high-falutin nonsense that frequently passes for thought in the theatre (anyone who has endured the bogus *Equus* will know what I mean): one stops listening to the voluminous visdom until she returns. As spoken by Miss Ullmann, Anna's almost unspeakable lines – the degradation of her past; the purity she discovers on the stern of her father's barge; the radiant happiness that awaits her in the love-nest she will look after for her sailor husband – take on a plangent beauty, and even seem to make sense. Her achievement hasn't met with universal praise, however. Neither Walter Kerr nor Brendan Gill, the only Broadway scribes to attain intellectual respectability, was impressed. Mr Gill, in fact, dismissed it completely. He saw a screen actress out of her depth in the theatre, which convinces me that he didn't look hard enough. Perhaps he has grown too accustomed to the frantic busyness that often passes for acting in New York to notice that Ullmann's art is both refined and selective. Unlike the majority of American actors, she knows how to stand still on stage – an ability beyond the reach of Robert Donley, as the father, and John Lithgow, whose Mat – as Oirish as a plastic leprechaun – would have given St Vitus something to think about. Only Mary McCarty, in the tiny role (tiny for O'Neill, that is) of Marthy Owen, the blowsy bringer of comfort to the nautical occupants of Johnny-the-Priest's saloon, is worthy of appearing in the same play as Liv Ullmann. To cover up the gross sentimentality of Marthy's character, she every so often indulges in a desolating cackle that places the woman among the ranks of the living. Under José Quintero's inadequate direction, though, the men flounder in the wastes of language that will ensure *Anna Christie*'s imminent extinction.

Lily Tomlin is best known in Britain for her appearances as Ernestine, the malevolent switchboard operator in Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In*, and in such films as *Nashville* and *The Late Show*. To say that she is the finest solo artist since the wonderful Ruth Draper is to indicate her special quality to some extent. Like Draper, she is a shrewd observer of human foibles who delights in showing people at their most arrogant and self-justifying. Like Draper, too, she is appreciative of the genuine and honest aspects of human behaviour. But there the comparison ends. Tomlin is a woman of the times: the delicate shades of Ruth Draper's art, which was admired by Henry James, are not for her. Hers is a deranged assembly of characters: her lithe body, an amazing instrument, brilliantly suggests their frustrations, their scarcely contained aptitude for violence. The sanest of her many and varied impersonations is Crystal, a defiant quadriplegic who damns everyone who has the indecency to pity her. This is a short, chastening sketch. Crystal's jokes protect her from the sentimental indulgences of the physically healthy, and she laughs their lack of understanding to scorn. Crystal wants to be a shit like everybody else, if and when she feels like it. Tomlin is also dazzling as a singles-bar stud named Rick – one of those horny, adolescent men who, rejected by women, boasts of his many conquests and occasionally beats up a 'fruit'. She catches him to perfection as he downs can after can of beer and adjusts his trousers at the crotch so that the girls can see what he has to offer. A crude type, presented with much subtlety, and a fair measure of sympathy: we are granted a glimpse into his essential loneliness. Cleverest of all, though, is her portrait – desperately funny – of an erstwhile flower child. Her progress into the middle-class life she once despised is skilfully delineated: the jargon of California is slowly replaced by that of American suburbia. The pot-smoking easy lay becomes the respectable housewife whose kids watch reruns of *The Lucy Show*, leaving instructions for her Mexican (or Puerto Rican) maid. Miss Tomlin has been hailed as a great comedienne, but it's an inaccurate label. She is an actress, one of the very best in America, who has simply chosen to appear on her own for a time. She has been compared to Beatrice Lillie: there are moments, certainly, when she made me think of the exquisitely controlled lunacy I associate with that name. But really she is like no one else. And her miming is a joy: she uses no props, but all of them are visible.

The Pulitzer Prize for 1977 has been awarded to Michael Cristofer for his play, *The Shadow Box*, the current hit at the Morosco. It has been praised by every single New York theatre critic, every single one of whom should be thoroughly ashamed of him/herself. It's a trite piece out of the William Inge stable about the most important fact in all our lives: death. Platitudes of the 'Enjoy each precious moment' variety are expressed through the mouths of a drunken nymphomaniac, a failed writer, an ex-hustler, and a suburban couple. Swelling the ranks in the grounds of the hospital for terminal patients are a spinster and her bitchy old mother. An Interviewer asks Pertinent Questions of the kind one expects in Art Theatre. Death comes to wearyingly life-enhancing Broadway at last – but so shoddily, and with so much Fine Writing. Despite the efforts of an excellent cast (Rose Gregorio is brilliant as the stereotyped spinster), I found it a moral and intellectual duty to resist the whole cursed enterprise.

US Radio

Eric Korn

On the Road

Off for three weeks to North and Meso America, I volunteered to flick a cool eai over the radio scene: 'a quick *tour d'hori zon*', I offered with a *je-ne-sais-quoi* o nonchalant *insouciance*. Coddled in cut price glory, on the upper deck of a charte jumbo (everyone tries to get there, obscurel imagining that there is a better view fron 35,008 feet), being force-fed rye by a covey of exceptionally consoling hostesses, i looked easy. I found what I wanted in Canadian magazine tucked among the sick ness bags: amid the routinely downbea articles ('Vandalism hits Toronto the good – they'd found a scratch on one of th subway seat covers) was an exposé of th putrid state of CBC radio, long the BBC most successful and sedulous flatterer. Th CBC, whose role was to provide a nationa image and a semblance of unity (one Cana dian is an identity crisis, two make a sepa

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ratist threat) was falling apart at the seams. With the significant exception of French-language broadcasting, regional talent was being ignored; there was less programming and more continuous music of worse quality; fewer producers and more hosts. 'We have to cater to loggers and Indians,' explained a spokesperson, comfortably remote from axes or arrows in centrist, elitist Toronto.

The draft of my crisp incisive survey took shape. Homeward bound, plugged to the earholes with brandy by another uniformed angel (I'm pledged to conceal the airline), I was less confident. My notebook had fallen into a steamy sacrificial well where reputedly priests used to chuck the occasional virgin to maintain scarcity value; my radio had been deftly removed from my ear and lap while I dozed, stunned by heat and an unexpected view of Popacatapetl; its replacement, a chlorine-yellow brutalist job hastily chosen for its visual qualities, though jammed devoutly in my lug for 36 hours while I huddled in the Jim Crow seats Greyhound reserves for smokers, had picked up only a variety of frogsqueaks and the occasional Baptist piety.

Elusive, too, was my romantic vision of Radio America, lonely smalltown DJs ('if there's anyone out there would they bring up a cup of coffee, cream, no sugar'), calling from valley to valley through the Kerouac night. I couldn't even pull in station dubble yah double yew veeuh ayuh Wheeling West Virginnya, home of country and western and a life size photograph of mah baby daughter Marilou and the Lord Jesus, which somewhere in the electromagnetic dark must be zapping out its 5,000 radiated kilowatts.

Some random images remain: a Mexican station with a mariachi version of the Hallelujah chorus; news commentators chosen for their abrasive inability to pronounce names as foreign as Peoria, Zagreb or Bristol, and for their stupefying opinionativeness: 'Quebec – the noose tightens' was how one sweetie reported the mild suggestion by a pequiste Cabinet Minister that if the locals bought locally-made products it would help the provincial economy; heroic CJRT, run by Ryerson College in Toronto, with good music, sane news and an Open-University course; and, yes, the departed glories of CBC, once a torrent of local creativity and old-country nostalgia (I believe they were still relaying ITMA in 1969), now with a daily hour of 'ideas' and, for the rest, like most other stations, a cheap alternative to the gramophone. (Meanwhile the French still managed a 10-minute talk on the pleasures of Proust without stopping for breath.)

Drowned deep all those dutifully recorded opinions of taxi-drivers, just like a real reporter. Most people choose their station for its music and stay there, rock or ethnic or golden oldie (FM/AM is a class distinction); but one – CHUM or CHIC or CRUM or CRAP –

> because it has the best road reports: two helicopters in the air all rush hour, and you should see the girl they got in one of them; met her at the airport, all titsnass, she gets the giggles so she can't talk but it takes your mind off the traffic tieups.

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Trenchtown

Bob Marley and the Wailers *Rainbow Theatre*
Bob Marley and the Wailers: 'Exodus' *Island ILPS/9498* £3.50

If popular music is seen in terms of a progression from the primitive to the sophisticated – from the wrong side of the tracks to the bright lights of Las Vegas – then white rock 'n' roll represents a definite step away from the castrated sound of sugar-coated pop in the direction of the rough and earthy ghetto, and the dark jungle where it all began. Most black musicians, on the other hand, charmed by the bourgeoisie and anxious for respectability, have put on white masks and chased after bow ties, sharp suits and string orchestras.

Reggae, however, the electric tribal music of Jamaica and Brixton, combining the contemporary feel of rock instrumentation with strong 'village' roots, remains much less affected by the strains of upward social mobility. It may be partly for this reason that it has become so popular with white audiences in the UK and the US, desperate as they are for any sort of musical slumming, through which to counteract the growing academicism of their own rock 'n' roll. With its highly obscure Rastafarian lyrics and unusual beat, reggae may seem an unlikely candidate for *Top of the Pops*, and yet, with Bob Marley hailed as the new Mick Jagger and filling the Rainbow Theatre four nights running last week, the reggae cult has developed into something more than another 'ethnic' cult.

There is no way in which simple incantations about 'penitence', 'guiltiness', the 'valley of decision', or the 'Exodus of Jah people' can bear directly upon the lives of white British audiences, but there is no doubt either that they find a special magic in the mysterious poetry of Marley's songs. The Rasta mythology, combining religion with politics in such an unlikely manner by our modern European standards, is attractive because it is exotic – the product of a culture with which we have a fleeting acquaintance, but which remains fundamentally alien.

The musical forms of reggae, characterised by an undulating beat, are unfamiliar too: in rock and most jazz, the unified rhythm section provides a steady backing for the lead instruments. In reggae, the rhythm is produced through the subtle interplay of *all* the instruments, including the voices. Rock may thrive on boogie, and jazz on that indispensable bit of swing, but reggae pulsates or throbs, with the rhythm guitar chopping away and the bass bouncing around a quarter or half a beat ahead of the drums, creating a chain reaction of complex syncopations. Although the melodies are often fine, they are always secondary to the totally absorbing rhythmic interaction. Whereas jazz and rock often reflect an amphetamine frenzy, reggae tunes into the slowness of *ganja*, the Rasta sacrament, and the laziness enforced by the tropical sun. The cold industrialised North has become tied to the rigid beat of the metronome, with robotic musicians and dancers scrupulously keeping time like assembly-line workers. The rhythms of reggae, like those of much contemporary African popular music, have a more natural feel, drawn from somewhere inside the body rather than from a machine

Reggae's pulse is so unrelenting that it may feel monotonous at first, but once the new language has been absorbed it is compelling and, as with many other forms of 'primitive' music, it possesses a strong hypnotic force; it has a power best understood through movement and dance, allowing the beat to get through to the body as well as the mind. Physical activity, however, is not something we encourage much in the civilised world, and those uninhibited enough to get up and dance at Bob Marley and the Wailers' concerts this year and last were often brutally stopped by the hordes of security men drafted in to cope with the pickpocket panic. It is sad, but inevitable on reflection, that the Wailers' concerts have had to take place in such a stifling atmosphere. Shanty-town music does not coexist too happily with fire regulations, bouncers and astronomically expensive front-row seats.

For those who missed them on stage, Bob Marley and the Wailers have just released a masterpiece of a new album, a collection of Rasta and love songs which surpasses anything they have produced in the past – and that from a band which has easily established itself as the very best in its field. It is as if Marley's survival of an assassination attempt last year had given him a new lease of life. Although this is the music of a downtrodden people, it is full of joy and optimism: like the blues, reggae represents an affirmation of power and beauty in the face of poverty and pain. It is perhaps also this sense of hope, however culturally alien, which particularly appeals to the depressed 'blank generation' of Britain and the US. The arrangements on the new recording, including an additional lead guitar, horns and backing vocals, are more intricate than ever: a magical song like 'Guiltiness' is as structurally complex as anything from 10cc or Steely Dan, but it never sounds contrived or oversophisticated. Marley exploits the full range of the studio mixing-desk, shaping each sound for maximum effect, but he never strays into gimmickry, keeping close to the well-tried traditional jungle forms.

The British audience's enthusiasm for reggae may look a little like cultural voyeurism: the streets of Trenchtown are light-years away from the Rainbow, or even Brixton and Notting Hill. Kingston's 'rude boys' and British rock fans do not have much in common, and yet, owing to a complicated set of historical circumstances and the transforming and transmitting power of the media, they are in touch with the same music.

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Television

Ian Hamilton

Our Fair Lady

Didn't most sensible observers hope, with me, that *something* would go wrong – lush rainfall during key stages of the royal trek, unmanageable cross-winds at beacon-lighting time, a few cardiac arrests among the more heavily uniformed members of the higher clergy? It would perhaps have been unpatriotic to have wished for anything more stylish or inventive – Idi Amin crash-landing his new Spitfire into a fountain in Trafalgar Square was one notion touted round my way – but surely some tiny upsurge of unpleasantness was needed to enliven the glum Jubilee proceedings. Do people really need reminding that we're still best at pretending we're the best? Wouldn't the majority of celebrating subjects have quietly rejoiced if, say, one of Brenda's nags had bolted, coach and all, along the Strand, if the Queen Mother had nodded off disgustingly in church, or if Yvonne had had, for all to see, just one more for the Mall? Don't we British traditionally prefer amusing circumstances to solemn pomp? After a week of observing the nation's joyless tribute to the longevity of a woman in her fifties, I'm beginning to believe that what we're best of all at is doing what – indeed, whatever – we are told.

There were rumours that a Jubilee bonus would be pubs open all day long, so one loyal serf at least spent most of Tuesday making sure that this also wasn't true. In any case, though, I couldn't have taken any more of the telly-men's pathetic dredging after Jubilee-style items to back up their biggest OB enterprise to date. *Scott of the Antarctic*, *My Fair Lady*, *Henry V* and most of the other films (*Black Beauty*?) were presumably selected because of their healthy preoccupation with things English, and the repeats of repeats of shows by Mike Yarwood and Morecambe and Wise were no doubt put on in humble deference to the Royals' known passion for these overexposed stars. Whatever the reasons, it added up to a dire week – dire enough, indeed, to reduce me to watching no fewer than *three* television plays.

Astonishingly, they turned out to be well above the level I've grown used to on my strict one-a-week régime. Ray Connolly's second contribution to the *Jubilee* series, *An Hour in My Life . . .* (BBC-1) was a neat, sharp-edged job, evidently derived from his days as a showbiz columnist. It encompassed 60 minutes – the last 60 minutes – in the life of a Fleet Street paper. All seemed normally slothful on the shop floor, with hacks sluggishly jostling for inches and eyeing each other with quite candid loathing through their glass partitions. Some of the detail wasn't entirely convincing – too much leaning back in chairs in order to dream about scoops, too many mini-biographies hurriedly crammed in – but the spirit seemed about right. Upstairs, the editor is having a suspiciously protracted meeting with the management and we are told about the paper's ailing finances, and then – just a few minutes before the sheet's closure is announced – in walks the scoop they've all been dreaming of. A girl at the centre of some sketchily explained international scandal is offering to tell all. While there's still a paper she is pampered and fussed over, but as soon as the axe falls she's totally forgotten. The hacks troop off to a mournful chapel meeting and she is left nursing her cold cup of tea. Does this mean Connolly thinks they are wicked? Not really, since the wickedest of them all – the shabby-slick showbiz columnist, in fact – gives the meeting a miss and whisks the scoop off for a quiet dinner to discuss world-syndication rights.

John Mortimer's *Two Stars for Comfort* (ATV) was set in Coronation Year, but it need not have been. Certainly, the material was timeless: aging philanderer has last fling, falls in love with serious-minded girl who is appalled to find she's not the first. Kenneth More was excellent as an over-the-hill hearty; it isn't easy to make a charmer seem genuinely charming, especially when you are plotting his come-uppance, but Mortimer managed it most of the time. All in all, an efficient, touching piece.

Finally, a word of praise for *Happy Returns* by Brian Clark (Granada). The subject: how to (or, as it turned out, how not to) fiddle your tax returns. Hard to say more, without incriminating myself. The whole thing was faultlessly chilling, and – though I wouldn't know for sure – entirely true to life. In other words, they got him in the end.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Flight 909

Love's Labour's Lost *Open Air*
The Alchemist *Other Place, Stratford*

It would, I think, be unwise to present a harpsichord recital in the Hollywood Bowl; and, though our own Open Air Theatre obviously boasts a rather skimpier auditorium, it does have a roof of the same height and, I suspect, more trouble with wind, planes and shrill-voiced passers-by. It isn't the best place for the delicate arpeggios of Shakespeare's most musical play. There have been times in the past – watching mottled actors howl out intimate declarations of love as Flight 909 from Manchester passes overhead – when I have wondered if it was the place for any play at all. But I daresay *Henry V*, which David Conville's company is to present later this month, will prove this too glum a view. It will certainly be interesting to see who wins Agincourt: the English, the French, or the flight-planners at British Airways.

But that's not quite the point here. Even when the schedules and the elements are relatively benign, the performances have to be pretty noisy and broad, which is bad news for *Love's Labour's Lost*, a play that demands the gentlest and wittiest acting. As I watched the cast trying, and mostly failing, to inject a little finesse into their loud-hailers, my mind kept harking back to David Jones's production of the play at Stratford four years ago. I recalled how hilariously Ian Richardson's Berowne had promised his fellow hermits he would never speak a word in favour of 'a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, a gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, a leg, a limb' – his voice canoodling with each female member and becoming increasingly throttled as he renounced one after another. But in Regents Park, Clive Arrindell gives us a scrambled, helter-skelter 'ahandafootafaceaneyeagatbratwlglm' – and who can complain, given the style that the production and the interpretation that the conditions have forced on him? A virile, feisty, combative Berowne is presumably the best we can expect, even if it tends to transfer the Elizabethan love-games into something that, in a more consistent world, would come with a commentary by Eddie Waring.

It is unfair, then, to compare this company with the RSC. It is probably unfair to compare any company with the RSC, given the form it is showing in *The Alchemist*, the production I was beginning to acclaim when I so rudely interrupted myself last week. To judge by theatrical tradition, Jonson wrote knockabout sermons, galumphing moralities, as if he was the Arts-Council-sponsored dramatist at Speakers' Corner. Trevor Nunn, however, resuscitates one of his more overworked, ill-used plays by the simple expedient of giving it a strong sense of place, in this case London in a plague year, and encouraging his actors to extract as much nuance from their lines and individuality from their parts as they can manage. Those celebrated 'humours', so often so impersonal, not to say monotonous, become astonishingly lifelike. Surly, for instance, isn't just a grouchy replica of his own name. As Mike Gwilym plays him, he's the sort of professional cynic you might find in some Jacobean Wardour Street, a flash slouch with a toothpick dangling indolently from his lips and a good word for no one. And Paul Brooke's Epicure Mammon is, rather unexpectedly, a bulky aldermanic plodder, one you might see solemnly quizzing the local mayor about sewage policy. But that phlegmatic front hides an anarchic imagination, full of wild desires which tumble out with gradually accelerating hysteria. Someone has taken a torch to the wet dreams he's been repressing all this time, and the steam fizzles from his ears.

But it's when it comes to those conning the Mammons that the production shows its quality: unsurprisingly, since their leader is the ever-versatile Ian McKellen. His is very shifty Face, with a greasy smile and a mean glint of the eye, as unscrupulous servant as the one Dirk Bogarde played in the Losey movie and as prim, fastidious and self-righteous when his master is about. He takes a narcissist's delight in his own cleverness, as, to a lesser extent, does John Woodvine's brusque, tough Subtle. By the time the two of them are swapping di

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guises we've a firm grasp, not just of their characters, but of their edgy competitive attitude to each other. Their carefully planned operations become a series of increasingly frantic games played almost for their own sake, with a knock on the door transforming a gaming-house swell into a cringing serf, or a stringy, self-flagellating hermit into a brooding mafioso, and both men hectically rearranging the furniture as they jam on an eyepatch or throw off a gown. It is all very lucid, sleazy and funny, a blend of *The Threepenny Opera* and a Feydeau farce, and yet in no respect a play Jonson would have wished to disown. This production, more than the *Volpone* at the National, could provoke a revival of interest in his work; and it would certainly be a monstrous waste of resource if the RSC left it to tail away its days in a fringe theatre in the back-streets of Stratford.

Art

John Spurling

Anything You Can Do . . .

A Silver Jubilee Exhibition of Contemporary British Sculpture *Battersea Park*

Henry Moore's massy golden bronze *Sheep Piece* commands both lawns of Battersea's sub-tropical garden from the central hillock. He is the only sculptor who has two works on show, the other being a much earlier and more modest group of three standing figures (permanent residents or *genii loci*), tucked away in a small corner of lawn by the lake. Their nearest neighbours are four of Elizabeth Frink's giant heads with lowered eyes and resigned expressions, creatures from more or less the same world of myth and nature. But in that same tight corner, set at the water's edge, is a rectangular sheet of rusty steel, more than five metres long, supported at a slant between steel trestles and canopied by three irregular planks of the same material, roughly joined together, the whole suggesting some attempted construction, perhaps breakwater, perhaps ship, left behind by a latter-day Robinson Crusoe after the final holocaust. This spacious piece, called *Fathom*, is by Anthony Caro. It is Caro, Moore's sometime assistant, who is the real power in the land, sculpturally speaking.

Apart from his having work currently on show at both the National and the Hayward Galleries, there are some half-dozen Caro pieces in the Battersea exhibition alone. True, only one of them is actually by Caro, but the others owe enough to him both in material and concept to deceive the unwary visitor. Even Phillip King, once an unchallengeably independent monarch of his own boundaries, here with his rusty steel and I-beams seems strangely tributary to Caro, while above the King piece, on the highest ground in the garden, topping even the grand Moore, stands sentinel the most loyal myrmidon of all, Peter Hide's impressive *Untitled 1977*. No wonder Caro can afford his low profile in the corner by the water.

But surely true art is not sullied by the competitive spirit? Should we look at Moore and Caro in the light of Hector and Achilles, or Shell and Texaco? I think we should. To call an artist ambitious is to praise him highly and I would define an ambitious artist as one who was in perpetual competition with his predecessors, his contemporaries and his own existing work. What makes the Battersea show more than just a well-arranged display of most of our leading sculptors of the last 25 years in an Arcadian setting, is that so many of them are competitive in all three directions.

The competition between Moore and the Caro brigade, for example, is at the most basic level that between filled space and contained space, between a tradition of sculpture as old as we know and a tradition of construction invented by Picasso some 50 years ago. It is also a competition between material which asks to be handled and material which makes no such appeal, which may indeed positively frighten off the hand. In more literary terms, it is the competition between nature and his own machinery as the measure of man, the one all swell and surface, the other all edge and interior.

Things are not always quite so clear-cut. Bryan Kneale (chairman of this exhibition's selection committee) is competing for something from both traditions. His three-metre-high *Tarquinia* frames the lake in a broken circle of black-painted steel, but balances at the top of the circle – out of the spectator's reach, yet enticing to the hand – a huge luxuriously-turned diabolo; while three short rods, attached at tangents to the circle, emphasise both the sense of touch and the exhilarating equilibrium of weight and lift. David Annesley faces the Goliath Moore across the lawn with a scaffold of white-painted rods to which adhere brightly-coloured rags and tatters of what from a distance look like cloth but turn out to be pieces of squashed, twisted and thoroughly denatured steel, an engaging fantasy of flower-petal weightlessness which laughs equally at mighty bronze and morose rusty steel.

The garden is full of other delights: a stringed and piped instrument by William Pye; a large crushed pewter hat by Nicholas Pope; a tall blue house of cards by Kenneth Martin; Lynn Chadwick's flat, white, swinging pair of jaws; George Fullard's *Walking Man* stepping insouciantly out of a bush. Serious or humorous, directly competing or getting out from under, they all refer back to that central Moore which is, one must finally admit, grandiose rather than grand, too big even for its maker's boots. Nevertheless, covertly saluting the large stone turd by Barry Flanagan, placed so impudently close to the gigantic haunches of the *Sheep Piece*, one must also recognise that it was Moore who taught British sculptors to be ambitious and Moore who, nearing 80 and still competing with himself and them, keeps them at it.

Films

John Coleman

Yes and No

Une Partie de Plaisir (X) *Camden Plaza*

Paul Gégauff has very insincere teeth. At times they unnervingly recall those sported by Dick Emery for his vicar impersonations. This brings me to an aspect of cinema (and indeed of TV, theatre and allied media) rarely commented on: one's reaction to the public personality and/or appearance of the performer. As an easy example, my hackles rise uncontrollably at the mere sight of Jerry Lewis; ditto Norman Wisdom, and – less forcefully – the late Laurence Harvey. But Harvey was often cast as a grade-A shit anyway (*Room at the Top, The Manchurian Candidate*). So does it matter that M. Gégauff, hitherto better known as writer or co-writer of some 10 films directed by Claude Chabrol, should now come before us in Chabrol's *Une Partie de Plaisir* as the absolute crummy centre of the enterprise, a male chauvinist pig called Philippe? After all, we are supposed to dislike the chap, aren't we? The answer to that would seem to be: yes and no.

Une Partie de Plaisir was made in 1974, which means that we are at least five or six films behind with the Chabrol canon. The reason for this may not be far to seek. Claude Chabrol is one of those creators without much honour in their own country. A rather baffled interview-article in the Spring issue of *Sight and Sound*, 'Chabrol's Game of Mirrors', hints that he may be too French for the French. For my part I have always stayed a bit wary of Chabrol, mirrors or not: the surface pleasures of his films are there for all to see – the visual elegance, the prowling camera, the desirable chic of his wife, Stéphane Audran – but scratch them and they rarely bleed.

Here we have a relatively straightforward account of a marital break-up. Keeping it in the family, Chabrol has Gégauff's real-life estranged wife, Danielle, as his common-law film missus, Esther, and their small daughter as their small daughter. Danielle/Esther has some of the wolfish grace of that extraordinary Bergmann actress, Gunnel Lindblom, and the child is endurable. The unredeeming features, as intimated, belong to M. Gégauff, whose physical smugness is matched only by his way with words. This is also one of those maddening businesses where it is left pretty vague as to how anyone earns his or her living. Philippe is first established spiking a crab on to a hook by the seaside for his timorous wife (loud cracklings for the bullyboy impalement on the sound track) and then talking of infidelity to her over a Chabrol dinner: he admits to a few one-offs on the side. Soon after, Esther falls for one Habib after a successful *blanquette de veau* and beds with him. It isn't long before the family moves to Paris and hubby is breaking down Habib's door. Dragging his unresisting wife home,

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he slaps her, vilifies her, and forces her to kiss his foot, an act the camera positioning makes a big deal out of. Philippe then marries a rich American girl, uses his little daughter to tell Esther he wants her back, drives Esther (whose aunt has just died) to a cemetery where he nearly kicks her to death. Cut to visiting day in prison, the sound of his daughter counting away the seconds of his sentence, a last shot of four bars. The mystery in all this is how, even in Chabrol's name, a woman like Esther ever put up with a pontificating bore like Philippe for more than five minutes. Women's lib has nothing to do with it.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Dicing

Romeo and Juliet *Coliseum*
Silver Jubilee Gala *Covent Garden*

Why another *Romeo and Juliet*? Lavrovsky, Ashton, Cranko, MacMillan and Neumeier have all done it, to say nothing of countless less distinguished versions. Given Shakespeare and Prokofiev, isn't any new version bound to be a re-hash of what we have already seen? But the very title is a guaranteed box-office draw, and MacMillan's Covent Garden production is too big for touring. And, as it turns out, Nureyev has distinctive ideas about the story.

At the end of the first act I had my doubts. Sinister dice players provided a theatrical prologue, pulling apart Ezio Frigerio's solid-looking Veronese walls to reveal a death-cart and his beautiful piazza back-drop, and to launch the action as a game of chance. The fights start well, with light-hearted fisticuffs and kicks gradually building into more serious duelling. But Prince's intervention was reduced and the choreography for Juliet's first appearance, and even for Nureyev himself as Romeo, seemed uninteresting. Nureyev avoided any imitation of MacMillan, but did not seem to have substituted anything of his own.

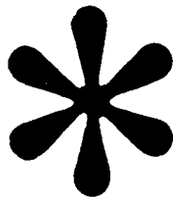
The performances may have been muted by first-night nerves and the effect dissipated by technical troubles with the scenery. Everything came into focus in the second act, first with Tybalt gently refusing to be provoked by Mercutio's repeated stabs at his crotch, and then with Mercutio getting more and more indecently aggressive to ensure a fight. During their duel, Mercutio feigns an injury, so that when he is wounded, nobody believes it. His friends mock him, Romeo becomes an unctuous priest at a sham funeral, and they all throw Mercutio about while he is bleeding to death. The shock, when Romeo discovers that the body lying on the ground is really dead, is all the greater. Prokofiev's insistent chords for Tybalt's death, usually choreographed as a series of slightly embarrassing lurches, are here used as a dramatic background to stillness and shock, while Lady Capulet's heavy histrionics are replaced by Juliet's discovery, first of Tybalt's body and then of Romeo as the killer.

The long last act includes more original inventions – a near-naked figure of Death in bed with Juliet, a dream in which she sees Mercutio and Tybalt fighting again, and Romeo's dream of Juliet, just before he gets news of her supposed death. In the end, the families are united in prayer around the tomb, and the dice-players return.

Much of this will inevitably be controversial, and some of the new touches seem unnecessary (Paris's lengthy courting of Juliet with the mandolin dancers) or irrelevant (the Nurse getting a quick grope in the corner, Juliet finding Paris closeted with Friar Laurence). Frigerio's 'operatic' sets are realistic and beautiful, especially the roof-top view from Juliet's palazzo bedroom, though I am less sure about the wisdom of dressing all the Capulets, including Juliet on the balcony and at her wedding, in orange-red. (Had she become a scarlet woman?)

Patrica Ruanne is in any case an unconventional Juliet, sexier and more mature than usual; judging from the acrobatic and slightly aggressive choreography, this is Nureyev's intention. The best role is Mercutio – Nicholas Johnson revelled in a whole series of virtuoso dances and exuded comic personality. Nureyev himself acted a whole range of emotions with complete conviction and still found time and energy to dance brilliantly, getting fresher as the evening progressed. Frederic Warner was an unusually sympathetic Tybalt and Jonas Koage a manly and imposing Benvolio. Festival's male corps shone in the acrobatic and flag-waving dances of the second act, though the latter, like some of Nureyev's choreography elsewhere, seemed a little fussy. The orchestra, under Graham Bond, played the difficult score extremely well and the evening as a whole was certainly a success.

Nureyev, who never seems to relax, also appeared in another Shakespeare role, as Hamlet in a pas de deux especially created by Sir Frederick Ashton for him and Fonteyn at the Covent Garden Jubilee Gala. It was a typical Ashton mini-masterpiece, making the best of both artists and encapsulating several aspects of Hamlet and Ophelia to Liszt's *Hamlet Prelude*.



The **first Bell Living Chess Match** featuring Britain's two Grandmasters RAYMOND KEENE (chess columnist for *The Spectator*) and ANTHONY MILES (chess columnist for *New Statesman*). Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday 16 June 12.15 p.m.

Weekend Competition

No 2467 **Set by B. Mooring**

Mrs Whitehouse has a new book out, telling us yet again how the sex and violence we see on TV affects our lives. Competitors are asked to write a scene from real life in which the nefarious influence of a particular programme or series can be clearly traced. 150 words, by 24 June.

Result of No 2464 **Set by Cheesman**

Radio 3 is practically the only station without a phone-in programme. We asked you to repair the omission.

Report **by Spiro Keats**

No space for praise or blame. £6 each. Until next week.

CALLER: Good evening gentlemen. Mr Beckett, may I ask you what the aims of your œuvre are? What, specifically, are you hoping to achieve through your plays?
BECKETT: (*Silence*)
ESSLIN: Well I hope that answers your question Charles. Let's speak now to Professor Wibbler from Oxford. Your question please.
CALLER: Ah, um, yes could you, ah, solve a dispute between my wife and myself, ah, is it or is it not, ah, true that Godot was a second-rate Belgian professional, ah, cyclist, and do you find the bicycle the perfect, ah, expression of Cartesian dualism? Ah, hello?
BECKETT: (*Weeps audibly*)
ESSLIN: Thank you. Professor? . . . We seem to have lost the professor . . . I believe we have Harold Pinter on the line from New York.
PINTER: (*Pause*)
BECKETT: (*Pause*)
PINTER: (*Pause*)
BECKETT: (*Pause*)
PINTER: (*Hangs up, menacingly*)
BECKETT: Can it be a voice no a voice yes a word yes a word scream no can it be the voice yes is it . . .
ESSLIN: . . .Well that's all we have time for this week. I'm only sorry to have to break off the discussion at such an interesting stage.

PETER RUMNEY

ROBIN RAY: And now for 'Spot the Concert Pianist'. When our recording of the unknown celebrity brushing his or her teeth is played, you have to use your skill and judgment to discover his or her identity. And as no one guessed yesterday, the prize is automatically doubled to *two* evenings talking to John Amis. (*Pause*) (*Sound of teeth being brushed*) Go ahead caller . . .
FIRST CALLER: Cynthia Clutton-Thye of Esher. I'm going to plump for Brendel. The vigorous attack of bristle on dentine had a classical, Mozartian timbre, and the whole approach was, well, scholarly if you know what I mean . . .
RAY (*giggling boyishly*): I do, Cynthia, I do – what a pity you're so wrong! Next caller!
SECOND CALLER: Toby Ffolkes of Hampstead. I thought the gentle downbeat on the premolars was a giveaway, as was the pianissimo rinse in the coda. I go for Moura Lympany.
RAY (*giggling naughtily*): Don't we all, Toby, don't we all?!! Sorry – wrong, I'm afraid. Last caller, please . . .
THIRD CALLER: B. Levin of Fleet Street, EC4. As the pianist in question was singing as the teeth were being brushed, I suggest the teeth were not in the mouth – false teeth, in fact False, puts one in mind of the word 'dummy', which leads one to *dummy-keyboard*. Why it's Joseph Cooper!!

TIM HOPKINS

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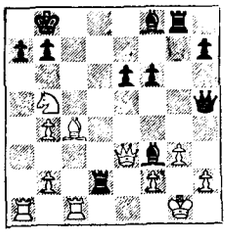
Tony Miles
Chess

No 37 **Anatoly Karpov**

The impending semi-finals of the candidates' tournament would normally create great interest in the chess world. However, on this occasion, one begins to wonder why the contestants bother to play at all. Such is the current form of the world champion, Karpov, that, whoever wins the series, the championship match would seem to be a formality. So far this year Karpov has taken first place in the extremely strong Bad Lauterberg tournament with 12/15, then scored 5/5 on board one in the European Team Championship, and just finished first at Las Palmas with 13½/15. A total of 30½/35 without defeat. So what makes him so good? At 26 it can scarcely be his great experience, although even that is beginning to count now. The most striking features of his play are his speed and his ability to recognise and manoeuvre with a minute advantage without ever letting it slip. There is also a striking avoidance of complications and tactical lines – in one game at Las Palmas he even overlooked/ignored a mate in three, which involved a rook sacrifice, and continued quietly to win. In general he produces sensible, simple moves very quickly and waits for his opponents to go wrong. Often he wins against strong opposition using barely an hour on his clock. Occasionally he uses more, for instance this week's game, where he consumed a whole 2 hours and 20 minutes.

White: S. Tatai **Black: A. Karpov**

1. N-KB3, P-QB4; 2. P-B4, N-KB3; 3. N-B3, P-Q4; 4. P x P, N x P; 5. P-KN3, P-KN3; 6. B-N2, B-N2; 7. Q-R4ch. An unjustifiable sortie. 7. Q-N3 is interesting. 7. 0-0 sensible. **7 . . . N-B3; 8. N-KN5.** Consistently bad. White is chasing the QBP but the time lost in capturing it is too expensive. **8 . . . P-K3; 9. N(N5)-K4, N-N3; 10. Q-N5, P-B5; 11. N-R4, 0-0; 12. N x N, P x N; 13. Q x BP, P-K4.** After long thought. If 13 . . . N-Q5; 14. P-K3, P-QN4; 15. Q-Q3, N-B6ch; 16. K-K2! and white can hold on. **14. Q-B2, N-Q5; 15. Q-N1, P-B4.** 15 . . . B-K3 may be even better. **16. N-B3, P-K5; 17. P-Q3, P-QN4; 18. B-K3.** If 18. P x P, P-N5; 19. N-Q5, P-N6. **18 . . . P-N5; 19. N-Q1, R-K1; 20. P x P, P x P; 21. B x N.** Not 21. B x P, R x B; 22. Q x R, B-B4. **21 . . . Q x B; 22. P-QR3.** This is stretching his luck too far. 22. 0-0 must be tried. **22 . . . B-N5; 23. Q-B2, Q-Q6!** Neatly smashing open the position. **24. P x Q.** If 24. Q-Q2, Q x Qch; 25. K x Q, QR-Q1ch; 26. K-K1, P-N6 and white will never be able to co-ordinate his pieces. **24 . . . P x Pch; 25. K-Q2, R-K7ch! 26. K x P, R-Q1ch; 27. K-B4, R x Qch; 28. K x P, R(7)-Q7; 29. P-B3, B-B1ch; 30. K-R5, B-Q2.** White resigned. If 31. B-B1, B-QB4 followed by R-R1 mating.



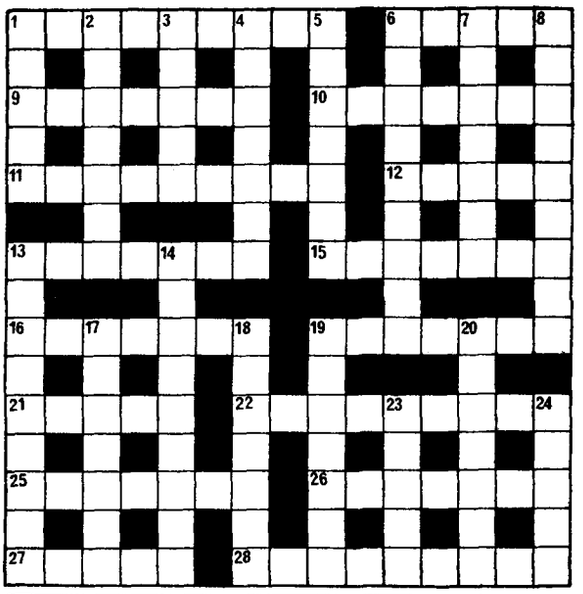
Problem 37:
Black to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than Wednesday 22 June.

Solution to Problem 35:

Black's position is difficult. (e) . . . R-B5 seems the best try. If 2. P-QR4, R x P! 3. R-QB1, P-KN3. (a) Q x P loses to 2. R-N1! R-B8ch; 3. K-N2!! (b) . . . N-B3 to 2. Q-B5! threatening Q x Rch and N-B6ch. (c) . . . R-Q1 loses a pawn to 2. Q x N and Q x RP but black has some chances. If (d) . . . Q-B5; 2. R-K1, R-KB1; 3. N-K7ch and 4. N-B5 and finally (f) . . . N-K7ch; 2. K-N2, R-K1; 3. N-B7! R x Q; 4. N x Q is bad for black as he will lose material extricating his N.

Weekend Crossword 1219

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1219, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 21 June.



ACROSS

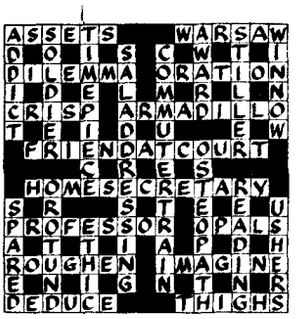
1. Cut off and curiously apart although surrounded by offspring (9).
6. Batsman bowled in hot places (5).
9. Castle where hostilities flare up? (7).
10. Idleness makes one near it improperly (7).
11. In being made up a female became coarse (9).
12. Beauty who was born a Frenchwoman (5).
13. Birds discover a metal used in war (7).
15. Expand in generosity when largesse is given (7).
16. Tedium for revolutionary in intense activity (7).
19. Food which gives one success in competition when losing the match (7).
21. Reason puts soldier in place (5).
22. One who brings together officer and university teacher (9).
25. Fought for corrupt drapers (7).
26. No company returns without a quotation for this figure (7).
27. Nocturnal affair which ends with the morning (5).
28. Bloodshed when a car goes wildly into crowds (9).

DOWN

1. Channel for a female worker (5).
2. Follower would make a noise if he lost his girl (7).
3. It sounds like a ghost team (5).
4. Receipts for Saturday up about a sovereign (7).
5. 'Shall he ——, peak, and pine' (*Macbeth*) (7).
6. How to get black in the scrum? (9).
7. Fighter who has to assault about fifty (7).
8. The learner he passes is wildly out of form (9).
13. Irregular small military bodies are pressed into service (9).
14. Lack of propriety is in a winter month nothing strange (9).
17. Put in new class when turning red with rage (7).
18. First Scot who knew how to prepare the way? (7).
19. Comfort for prisoners including the sick (7).
20. The whole turns it green (7).
23. Run in the next race (5).
24. Phones although these show they are engaged (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1217



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APPOINTMENTS

THE COUNCIL FOR BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY

requires an

Education Officer

The Council for British Archaeology intends to appoint an Education Officer to take responsibility for the promotion of archaeology in all fields of education, but primarily in schools. Candidates should preferably have an honours or joint honours degree in archaeology or allied subject, and a certificate in education and/or teaching experience. The appointment will be for an initial period of two years.

The salary range will be on the scale £3,783 - £4,211, and the Council hope that a successful candidate would be available to take up the post in October. Further details and application forms from:

The Director, The Council for British Archaeology, 7 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HA; *the closing date for completed applications will be 22 July 1977.*

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To meet the increasing needs and demands for training of Union workplace representatives, two additional Divisional Training Officers are to be appointed to USDAW's Education Department, one based in London and one based in Birmingham.

Applicants, preferably over 25 years of age, should have an active record of service to the trade union movement, a thorough understanding of *industrial relations and associated subjects together with a capacity* and enthusiasm for training and teaching. Some experience of trade union training would be an advantage.

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Applications, with details of age, experience, qualifications, etc. and indication of preference for London or Birmingham appointment should be addressed to: THE GENERAL SECRETARY, USDAW, 188 WILMSLOW ROAD, MANCHESTER M14 6LJ AND MARKED "DIVISIONAL TRAINING OFFICER." APPLICATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY **MONDAY, 27 JUNE.**

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Vol. 93 No. 2412

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking info: 836 5332. Last performances 'King Lear' and 'Destiny'. See daily press for dates and times. Summer season starts 18 June with Shakespeare and Ibsen in repertoire. RSC also at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats'.

CHICHESTER 0243 86333. 10, 11, 13, 15, 16 June at 7.0. 'In Order of Appearance'. 11, 16 June at 2.0. 14 June at 7.0. 'Waters of the Moon'.

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ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Prevs. tomorrow, 5 & 8.30, opens Mon. 7 p.m. subs eves 8. Max Wall, John Thaw in 'Fair Slaughter' by Howard Barker.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 31 May-9 July 'The Norman Conquests' by Alan Ayckbourn, 14-25 June 'Living Together'.

Concert

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Exhibition

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Meetings

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Details from Katherine Chedburn 01-643 4461.

PEOPLE'S JUBILEE at Alexandra Palace, Sun. 19 June, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Santiago Carrillo; Gordon McLennan; 7.84 and Banner Theatre; Tony Miles; Film; Folk; Children's Festivals; Aswad and Soft Machine. Tickets £2, OAP's £1, Children 50p from CPGB, 16 King Street, WC2.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). James Joyce Lecture by Anthony Burgess 'His Master's Joyce' on Saturday 18 June at 3 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

'CHINA AFTER MAO' – speaker Roland Berger, followed by discussion. Fri. 17 June, 7.30 at Holborn Central Library, Theobalds Road, WC1. – Holborn tube. Admission: Members 40p, non-members 50p. Society for Anglo Chinese-Understanding.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'The Challenges of Retirement', Sidney Jones BA ABPsS. Tuesday 14 June 7.30 p.m. Presbyterian Church Hall, Charing X Rd (next to Midland Bank, Cambridge Circus). Visitors welcome 30p (students 10p). Weekend School 9-11 Sept., St Hilda's College Oxford: 'How to make Life more Meaningful'; Details ASGB, 11/414 Wimbledon Park Road, London SW19.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Anne Bennett of New Statesman on 'Humane Ways of Helping People'. 15 June 7.30 p.m. 62 Marchmont Street, WC1. All welcome. Collection.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 12 June 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, programme of talks. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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Alexander Goehr: String Quartet No. 3
Roberto Garhard: String Quartet No. 2
Manfred Trojahn: Notturni trasognatti (World premiere)
Hans-Joachim Hespos: Blackout (1st British performance)
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